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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

WITH SUPPLEMENT: } SIXPENCE.
"ONCE UPON A TIME." } BY POST, 6½d.



1. A Run on the Baron of Beef. 2. The Marquis of Lansdowne replying to the Toast of "The Navy, Army, and Reserve Forces." 3. The Lord Mayor giving the Toast, "The Queen." 4. The Marquis of Salisbury replying to the Toast, "Her Majesty's Ministers." 5. The Lord Chancellor replying to the Toast, "The Houses of Parliament." 6. The Loving Cup. 7. The Lord Chief Justice replying to the Toast, "The Bench and Bar."

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET AT GUILDHALL.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The Universities are famous for fine old crusted stories. Thackeray declared that when revisiting Cambridge after thirty years' absence, he found Thompson (afterwards Master of Trinity) telling the same story he had told him as an undergraduate. I have no doubt it was a good one. College tales are generally far from deficient in humour, and have always something "apart" about them peculiar to the academic soil. In my time, when Dons began to be more in touch with the world without, and some of them to be even enterprising, there was a charming story told by the Bursar of Trinity of an application from one of the Fellows for his dividend in advance because he had been elected King of some savage nation and had declared war against a neighbouring tribe. The dividends, alas! thanks to agricultural depression, are now so small that they would hardly defray such an expense; and instead of University men reigning over remote islands in dark purple spheres of sea, the islanders come to the University. One college (let us call it St. Jude's) is especially affected by these dark-skinned strangers. An English vessel was so unfortunate the other day as to be shipwrecked on a cannibal isle. The crew were being made very short work of, when suddenly a gigantic savage threw himself between the murderous throng and one of the passengers (an undergraduate of Cambridge who happened to wear the St. Jude's colours—probably a boating-cap). "Spare that man—don't eat him!" he shouted; and throwing himself into the other's arms, he exclaimed: "I, too, belong to St. Jude's!"

Why is it, one wonders, that since the days of Sydney Smith and Douglas Jerrold the biographies of eminent wits have been so deficient in the attribute that has made their reputations? How dull were the memoirs of Talleyrand!—as though during the time they were kept before publication all brightness had gone out of them. When we read the record of Abraham Hayward, how amazing it seems that he could have been the brilliant conversationalist his contemporaries so much admired! What melancholy specimens of repartee are the jests attributed to Lord Randolph Churchill! And more recently, what feeble utterances, to judge by the examples with which we have been favoured, sufficed to create the reputation of certain University Dons! There is a temptation, of course, to supply opportune "copy" to the newspapers, but it ought not to cause us to wrong the dead. The apology for this shortcoming in the subject of eulogy is that one loses so much in not having had the advantage of the manner in which the reverend gentlemen made their observations; though perhaps it should rather be said that being, as it were, among eggs with a stick—Dons among undergraduates—the merits of their conversation were taken for granted by their hearers. It is not often that persons with a reputation own to this, but a certain popular preacher once found it very useful. Some wicked members of his congregation pressed him to publish his sermons, which they had good reason to believe were plagiarised from other divines. But he was even more aware of it than they were. "No," he said, "I will not do that, for if I published them they would lose so much in manner."

It is certain that we are more prone to admire excellence that is out of our line than that which, though we better understand it, is familiar to us. Is it, inquires Thackeray, because we feel that we are deficient in courage that we all set such a fancy value on that virtue? Perhaps it is the sense of its lack that makes the fair sex so devoted to the soldiery. I think that the greatest admirers of Robinson Crusoe are those who feel that they are quite incapable of imitating him—could not make a table or a chair if their lives depended upon it, and would find it exceedingly difficult to milk a goat. If I myself were cast upon a desert island, and dependent upon my own resources for subsistence, my life would be a short and not a merry one. If I had any number of bushels of wheat, I should be no nearer to a loaf of bread; if I had goats I could not milk them; I could keep a dairy of course (though not a dairy), but what would be the interest of a journal which merely described the progress of starvation? A somewhat similar sense of incapability—but even more abject—comes over me when I read the proposition, nowadays so freely made, that authors shall publish their own books. In vain I picture myself doing it. In Chicago, one reads, a pig is put into one end of a tube and comes out in sausages; but a manuscript is not turned into a published edition with the same ease and simplicity. And my experience of my literary brethren is that they know almost as little as I do how this transformation is effected. A few of them have a talent for practical matters—what are nobly called "affairs"—but they are certainly the exceptions.

The literary temperament shrinks from "bother" and from detail. Authors would like their books published as cheaply as possible, no doubt, but they will go through no drudgery to get it done. They have a fine detestation of accounts. There could be no stronger evidence of their disinclination for trouble and inconvenience than the rapid growth of the literary agent, and the readiness with which they give him ten per cent. or so for talking business matters off their hands. In France, we are told, some authors have dispensed with publishers, but it does not appear that they publish for themselves: their association is subsidised by a

comité de patronage, and under such circumstances, as may be imagined, the writers are not in the first nor even in the second class. An author should never be patronised. If he brings his work out by subscription, he is done for. Everyone who has subscribed five shillings will throw it in his teeth. "But for me," he will say, "that man would never have been heard of."

With some of the complaints of contributors to periodicals I entirely sympathise. The length of time their manuscripts are retained and, after all, rejected, the smallness of the remuneration, and the delay in its payment are genuine grounds of grievance; but a writer in the *Author* during the current month has given advice which I fear will do more harm than good. Writers, he says, should be "clear and explicit in requiring to know the terms, times of payment, etc., of any periodical for which they may be intending to write before undertaking to do so." An application couched in this form would not be very acceptable to the editor of any respectable print. It is even possible he might treat it as a gross impertinence. What right has a person who has no connection with a magazine to ask what it pays to contributors or at what dates? What claim has such a vulgar curiosity—akin to that which causes people to inquire the price of lodgings which there is no chance of their taking—to be satisfied? When a contributor has been notified that his manuscript has been accepted, it is time enough to inquire what he is to be paid for it, and also to withdraw it if he thinks the remuneration insufficient. But even so, his conduct, in my opinion, is not very judicious: it reveals a doubt of the character of the periodical whose editor he wishes to conciliate, and commences his relations with him on unpleasant terms. The attacks upon reviewers are continued with unabated ardour; the power that is attributed to them is, as usual, extravagantly overrated; while they are credited with a rancour unknown to ordinary humanity, and which has to be stimulated by bribes. Perhaps this is the true explanation of the term "the hire criticism."

One of the reasons of the great attraction of criminal trials is the picture they afford of the prisoner's companions and surroundings. The incidental glimpses they give us of domestic existence is only less interesting than the crime itself. The late investigation at Bourges is no exception to the rule of disclosure. Whether the Marquis de Naye murdered his stepson or not, he has been shown to be a great scoundrel, and almost everybody connected with him to be tarred with the same brush. It is quite amazing how many liars, tyrants, and intriguers were collected under that nobleman's roof. The crime of which he was accused is not, fortunately, a common one; but we have had a variant of it. A person of position began his homicidal experiments with his mother-in-law. It was proved that he had said to a friend, "If you want to kill a man and go scot free, show him a revolver, and while he is interested in its mechanism shoot him; everybody will set it down to accident." This he put in practice with the lady in question in her own drawing-room, and with the fortunate result he had foreseen. So far as immunity from punishment was concerned, he was equally lucky in setting fire to his house in order to destroy his only son, whose fortune he would have inherited; but the boy himself escaped this parental attention. Finally he pushed his wife over a precipice in Switzerland with a reverse result: he succeeded in killing the lady, but aroused serious suspicions, and was imprisoned for twenty years. There was another case of a Baron de Somebody, who was accused of attempting to murder his son as they rode together, I think, in Richmond Park one evening; and here, as in the case of the Marquis's son, the young man repented of having given his father into custody, and after the first remand "went back" from his evidence. Of the facts I am certain. I wish I could remember names.

One would have thought that among the trivial fond records of a departed husband, that which used to be treated by his relict with exceptional tenderness, as being almost literally a part of himself, would be his wooden leg. But, as was proved the other day in a police court, this is not necessarily the case. The article was supposed to have been stolen, but had, in truth, been disposed of by the widow very cheaply, and she resented its reappearance and the notoriety it brought upon her. Perhaps there were memories in connection with it of which the public knew nothing. It may have been used as poor Miss Kilmansegg's leg was used—as a weapon against her. A wooden leg is generally very much *en évidence*, and asserts itself, like a forward child, to the embarrassment of its proprietor. There is a story of a honeymoon where a bridegroom has his transports interfered with in the postchaise by a mysterious tap, tap, tapping, which the lady has to confess is caused by her wooden leg; and our pity for her swain is a good deal mitigated by our sense of the want of observation that kept him ignorant of so important a fact till so late a period. But by a judicious reticence as to movement this defect can to some extent be concealed, and the more easily, of course, in the case of a lady. The famous advocate, Jack Lee of the Northern Circuit, was once deceived in this way. He was retained for the plaintiff in a case of breach of promise. At the consultation he inquired whether his client was good-looking, and, being assured upon that point, he said to the attorney, "Then be sure that she is

in court, and in a place where she can be seen." The lady took a conspicuous place in front of the jury, and Lee did not fail to draw their particular attention to "the highly attractive and modest girl who trusted her cause to their discernment," and, as he thought, with success. The counsel on the other side, however, at once broke the spell by observing that "his learned friend, in describing the graces and beauty of the plaintiff, ought not to have concealed the fact that she had a wooden leg." Lee, we are told, looked aghast at this discovery, the court was convulsed, and "the jury, ashamed of the influence that mere eloquence had had upon them, returned a verdict for the defendant."

There is one thing in connection with wealth in which persons of even the most moderate means can indulge: they can draw a cheque to any amount. One of the attractions about the Count of Monte Cristo was the size of his cheques. As they were always in francs they often ran into seven figures. But neither the creator of the Count nor the poor folk who permit themselves to imagine wealth beyond the dreams of avarice ever dreamt of a cheque of seven figures in pounds, such as I read is now lying at the Bank of England awaiting certain formalities before it can be cashed. It is for £8,225,500 1s. 10d., the first instalment of the Chinese war indemnity to Japan. The one and twopence seems as singularly out of place as the coppers in his little account seemed to Mr. Mantalini. It may be taken as a piece of brag on the part of the financial authorities to prove their perfect accuracy and attention to detail. It is probably the biggest cheque that ever was drawn with any chance of being honoured. One would like to have the use of it even for a day, to impress one's fellow-creatures: think of the waiter's face when he presented his bill for luncheon at the café if you threw that cheque upon the table with "Change, please!"

We can all raise the flower, the poet tells us, when we have got the seed, but it may not be so perfect a blossom as was produced by the original gardener. This is especially the case in the sowing of fiction. The first fine specimen, if it takes with the public, is sure to be followed by others of the same kind, but not of the same excellence. The story of Monmouth's Rebellion has always been a favourite one with novelists, despite the sadness of the subject and the melancholy of its end. For in this case the cause of the Stuart, espoused by so many imaginative pens, has never been upheld; no one but an historian (whose mission nowadays seems to be to wash the black man white) could paint James II. rose colour. There have been of late years two remarkable works dealing with the theme of that unhappy rising in the West—"Lorna Doone" and "Micah Clark"; and, encouraged, no doubt, by their great success, they are having a host of imitators. Every author can make something of Judge Jeffreys and Colonel Kirke. Their characters are, as it were, "teed" for him, and he can scarcely fail to paint from likenesses so obvious. As a rule, however, these books are but faint reflections of these two prototypes, and it gives one pleasure to be able to report favourably of a novel which, though to some extent an imitation, has many merits in common with the original. The author of "Mistress Dorothy Marvin" is audacious in having introduced, as in Mr. Blackmore's famous story, a highwayman as one of his chief personages, and it must be confessed that neither that gentleman nor his horse is to be compared with the horse and man immortalised in "Lorna Doone." But the rest of his people have plenty of force of character, and (particularly) of conduct. There is incident enough in the story to supply a whole library of neurotic fiction, from the moment when the hero hurls an ink-bottle at the head of Jeffreys on the bench to the later and happier time when he essays to kidnap his sacred Majesty James II., and present him as an acceptable offering to William of Orange. Mistress Dorothy herself is, indeed, a little too "incidental," and regards scenes of slaughter with much the same complacency that a modern lady with a taste for athletics might regard a football match. As for her father, Sir Nicholas, he is the greatest fire-eater known to fiction. He has quarrelled with the hero, who, nevertheless, assists him against seven antagonists, but when that conflict has been concluded satisfactorily the old gentleman is still eager for more—

"A noble victory," he roared, "a noble victory! Seven to two, and there they are laid out for their coffin-cloths. Wench, we're a dazzling pair. This is life, my lass—we're back in the Forties now. Man, where did ye get that upper-guard? I call it great—ay, ye're a beautiful fighter! Friend, I am young again; this night hath knocked forty years off my age-scroll. I've a score yet to settle with you, mon cher. That may keep for a minute, then we'll have another flutter—we'll make a night of this. Let's have a drink ere we settle the game. Thirsty work, hey? Come Dorothy, a couple of bottles of my Languedoc. Now, Ned, are ye ready. Ye're a rare fighting man, else I should not have shown you such courtesy. I am beholden to thee for what thou hast done, yet I do not forget old scores. Come, my lad, we have breathed; we'll now see who's the better man. If my luck abides, I shall have thee through the heart at the third pass."

Sir Nicholas may have been, as his daughter believes him to be, the pink of chivalry, but he was certainly wanting in gratitude. The author does not shrink from painting historical characters, such as Churchill and William of Orange, and has no need to be ashamed of his portraits; but with those he evolves from his own imagination, such as Peter Whipple and Mistress Dorothy, he is still more successful.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

"ONCE UPON A TIME."

See Supplement.

Among the painters who thirty years ago were striving to engraft upon English art the traditions of the Flemish school, few gave more promise of successful achievement than Mr. G. A. Storey. Those who visited the Guildhall Loan Exhibition of the past summer will recall a picture by him representing an "Interior," in which the best qualities of this style of art were prominent. The movement, however, was not sustained, and Mr. Storey was, perhaps, one of the first to turn his attention to other channels. He has always shown a preference for those days of our great-grandfathers, when costumes were more picturesque though less practical than at the present day. Children and young maidens blossoming into womanhood have had a special charm for him, and one can imagine that he looks back with regret to "Once upon a Time" when those who have now grown old and sedate were buxom damsels with flashing eyes and rounded cheeks. It is pleasant, however, to find that on canvas, at least, Mr. Storey can, by the help of memory and art, so potently revive for others and for himself "the days that are no more"; and those who look at the quiet, self-possessed face given in our Illustration will admit that the girls of those times were as winsome as in our own, but in a very different way.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

The weather on Saturday, Nov. 9, began with rain, but was favoured at noon with mild sunshine, allowing many thousands of Londoners and visitors from the country to enjoy the annual "show" of municipal pomp, from Guildhall to the Law Courts, along the Strand, and returning by the Thames Embankment. The procession included special features: impersonations of past Lord Mayors, riding in their antique costumes; a South African car with gold and diamond miners, hunters, Kaffirs, lions, zebras, and ostriches; a representation symbolical of India; the Leather-sellers' Company's craft, illustrated by artisans at their work; and a refreshing Fruiterers' show, besides the usual carriages, men on horseback, banners, and bands of music, Fire Brigade, boys from the training ships, and Lord Mayor Sir Walter Wilkin in his gilt state coach. At the Law Courts he was presented to the Lord Chief Justice and two other Judges, by the Recorder, Sir Charles Hall, and received the judicial congratulations. The banquet at Guildhall was attended by Lord Salisbury, who spoke with much weight and force of the situation of Turkey and the united action of the European Powers; and by other Ministers, as well as by the foreign Ambassadors and some members of Parliament.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

The Great Northern Railway express train to Scotland, leaving King's Cross on Saturday night at half-past eleven, met with a terrible disaster an hour later at St. Neots, in Huntingdonshire, about fifty-two miles from London. The breaking of one of the rails threw a carriage off the line, in the middle of the train, which was going at the speed of sixty miles an hour. Four carriages and the guard's van behind ran into a siding, where they fell upon the top of some coal-trucks, and were smashed; three were first-class saloon carriages, in which most of the passengers were lying down to sleep. One lady, Miss Louise M'Neill O'Hara, aged thirty-one, residing at Crouch End, Hornsey, was instantly killed by fracture of the skull. Her sister, Mrs. Macgregor, had a leg broken. Four other persons—Mr. W. H. Corrie, of Woking, Dr. G. J. Trotter, of Darlington, Mr. Sidney Carter, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Mr. F. Cavendish-Bentinck—were badly hurt; Mr. Corrie had both knees and three ribs broken, and Dr. Trotter suffered concussion of the brain. No injury was done to the carriages in the fore part of the train. An inquest was opened on Monday, attended by the chairman, manager, and other officials of the Great Northern Railway, and by Major Marindin, official inspector for the Board of Trade.

BANQUET TO THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

The members of the United Service Club on Monday evening, Nov. 11, at the Hôtel Métropole, gave a dinner in honour of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, upon the occasion of his retirement from the office of Commander-in-Chief of the Army. The Prince of Wales was in the chair, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Duke of York, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Teck, and

the Duke of Fife were among the company. The Duke of Connaught and Prince Henry of Battenberg were only prevented from joining them by having to accompany the King of Portugal from Balmoral to London upon his return from his visit to the Queen. Among those present were Field-Marshal Lord Roberts and Sir Donald Stewart, Admirals of the Fleet Sir Edmund Commerell and Sir H. Keppel, and many other distinguished Generals and Admirals. The high military and naval ranks of officers have seldom been more amply represented at a social gathering; and the scene which is shown in our Illustration attests the hearty friendship with which they all regard that worthy "Royal George," Field-Marshal the Duke, as good an Englishman as any, whose long and diligent services to the Army have naturally been terminated by advancing age.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

There is certainly no lack of excitement in the theatrical world just now. Before the week is out we shall have three "Trilbys" in the field. At the Haymarket, so great is the success with the original play that it is literally true to say that "no one can get in for love or money,"

third "Trilby" at the newly constructed Opéra Comique, and everybody hopes for a success, not only for the sake of the authors—clever Charles Brookfield and William Yardley—and artists concerned, but for that ever-popular favourite, Nellie Farren, who has had a sad time of it lately.

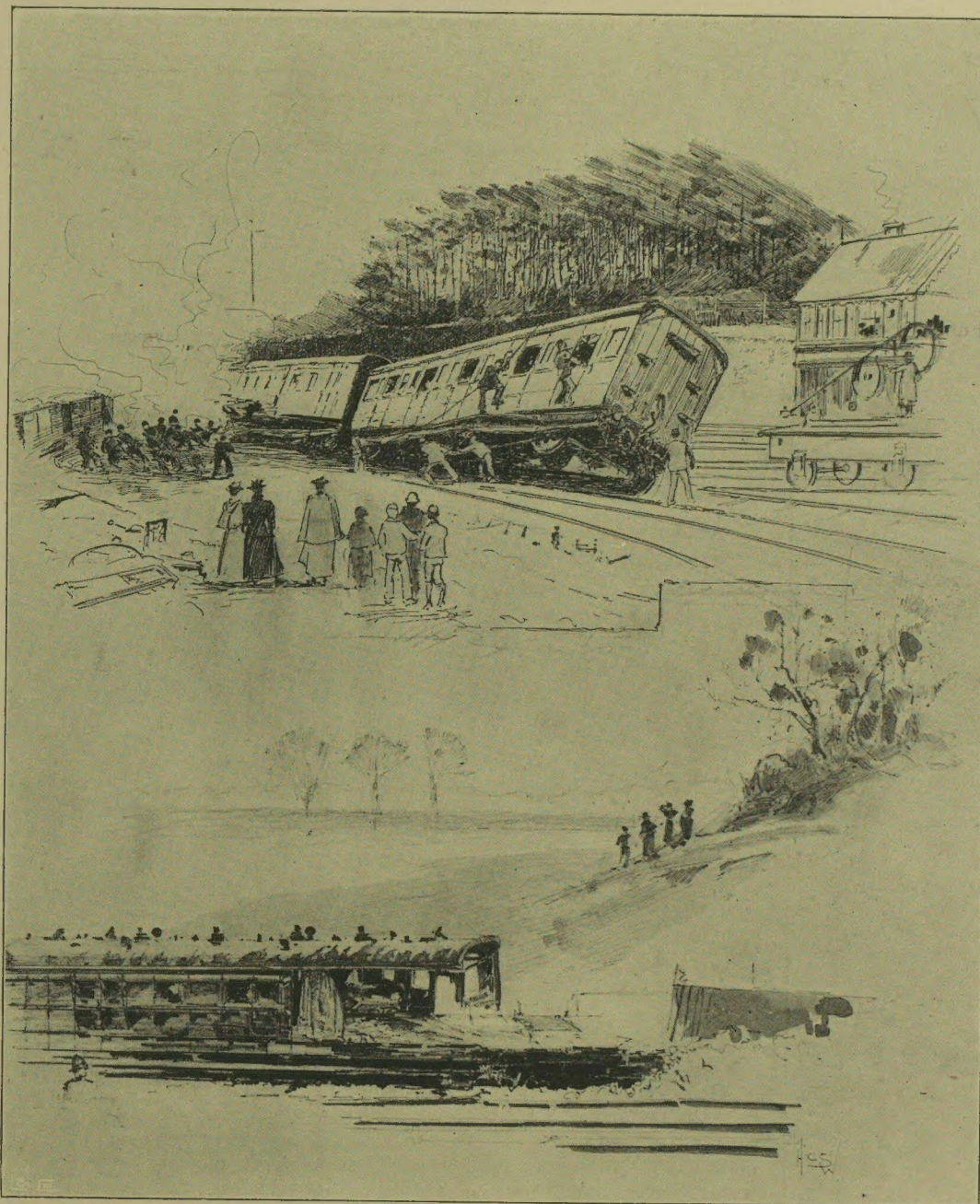
Mr. Charles Wyndham certainly deserves all the success that he has won recently at the Criterion. First, because he believed in that despised comedy by Dumas, "L'Ami des Femmes," notwithstanding all the croakers who said it was impossible; secondly, because he handed it over to Mr. Carton, an author who has not as yet voted with the realists, who has done excellent work indeed by turning the old problem play by Dumas into the most interesting and acceptable "Squire of Dames"; and lastly, because Charles Wyndham has found in the De Ryons of Dumas a character that fits him like a glove, and to which he does more than justice. Those who like comedy up to date, and an admirably written and acted play, should hurry to the Criterion on the very first available opportunity. Not only will they see Charles Wyndham at his best, but a new and very clever American girl, Miss Fay Davis, who has never appeared on the regular stage before, and when she did, made an instant success. There is one scene between Charles Wyndham and Fay Davis which, according to an old phrase, "is worth all the money." Here

also at the Criterion may be seen charming Miss Mary Moore, delightfully dressed, clever Miss Granville, and a capital cast, including Bernard Gould, Alfred Bishop, and always useful and versatile De Lange. So much for new comedy, or rather, a thirty-year-old play put into modern attire.

But old comedy, the comedy of costume, has come to the front again with a very interesting revival of Sheridan's "Rivals" at the Court Theatre by Mr. Arthur Chudleigh. Mrs. John Wood makes a splendid Mrs. Malaprop, perhaps the best of our time, a most sensible and artistic performance, never unduly accentuated. Mr. William Farren repeats his fine, breezy, old-school Sir Anthony Absolute, contrasting brilliantly in style, humour, and emphasis with the young ladies selected for Lydia Languish and Julia, who have, unfortunately, not taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the manners and customs of Bath at the close of the last century. In these days, when the stage is supposed to be a profession for boys and girls of culture, it is extraordinary that voice production and enunciation are so studiously neglected. It really is no exaggeration to say that if a foreigner were present he could not believe that Mrs. Malaprop, Sir Anthony Absolute, and Lydia Languish were speaking the same language. And yet Henry Neville is a splendid elocutionist, and he has produced the play. However, Mr. Sydney Brough redeemed the failings of the new school by giving a very good account of himself as Captain Absolute. He looked handsome and acted with characteristic spirit. Mr. Arthur Williams was, perhaps, a trifle too modern for Bob Acres, and Mr. Sugden not sentimental enough for Falkland, but they both of them helped the play along in dangerous scenes, and assisted by Mr. Brandon Thomas, a master of dialect, who appeared as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, gave renewed interest to the fine old play, not the best of Sheridan, but still containing some grand acting scenes. Another capital performance was the Lucy of Miss Marie Hudspeth, who showed the old and true comedy vein in this best and brightest of stage waiting-maids.

Mr. George Alexander received an enthusiastic welcome—nay, a very cordial greeting—when he reopened the St. James's Theatre with "Liberty Hall," a delightful play which will endure when many of the modern problem plays are forgotten. I must own that I missed Edward Righton as the dear old Bloomsbury bookseller. He gave the play just the tone that it required, but George Alexander was at his best as the male fairy godmother, and Miss Evelyn Millard delighted everybody as the good sister.

No one can say that London suffers from want of theatrical enterprise. There has been a new play to see every night this week, and so I suppose it will continue until Christmas time, when good folks intend to feast the poor cripple, and all good children will be taken to the pantomimes—Old Drury leading off with "Cinderella," up to date. I am delighted to hear that "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past" has picked up wonderfully since the first performance, when it suffered from an attack of nerves. Mr. Charles Hawtreys and Miss Alma Stanley are at their very best, and we all know what that means. They are both true comedians, and create roars of laughter when they appear as the henpecked husband and the magnificently aggressive woman. Add to these the popular Lottie Venne, and here we have refined farce at its very best. In fact, the difficulty just now is to select the best of the playhouses. Seldom has dreary November set in with such an appetising theatrical feast.



1. Looking north, showing trucks on siding that carriages ran into.
2. Side view of carriage telescoped. The roof was sent over the coal-wagons in front.

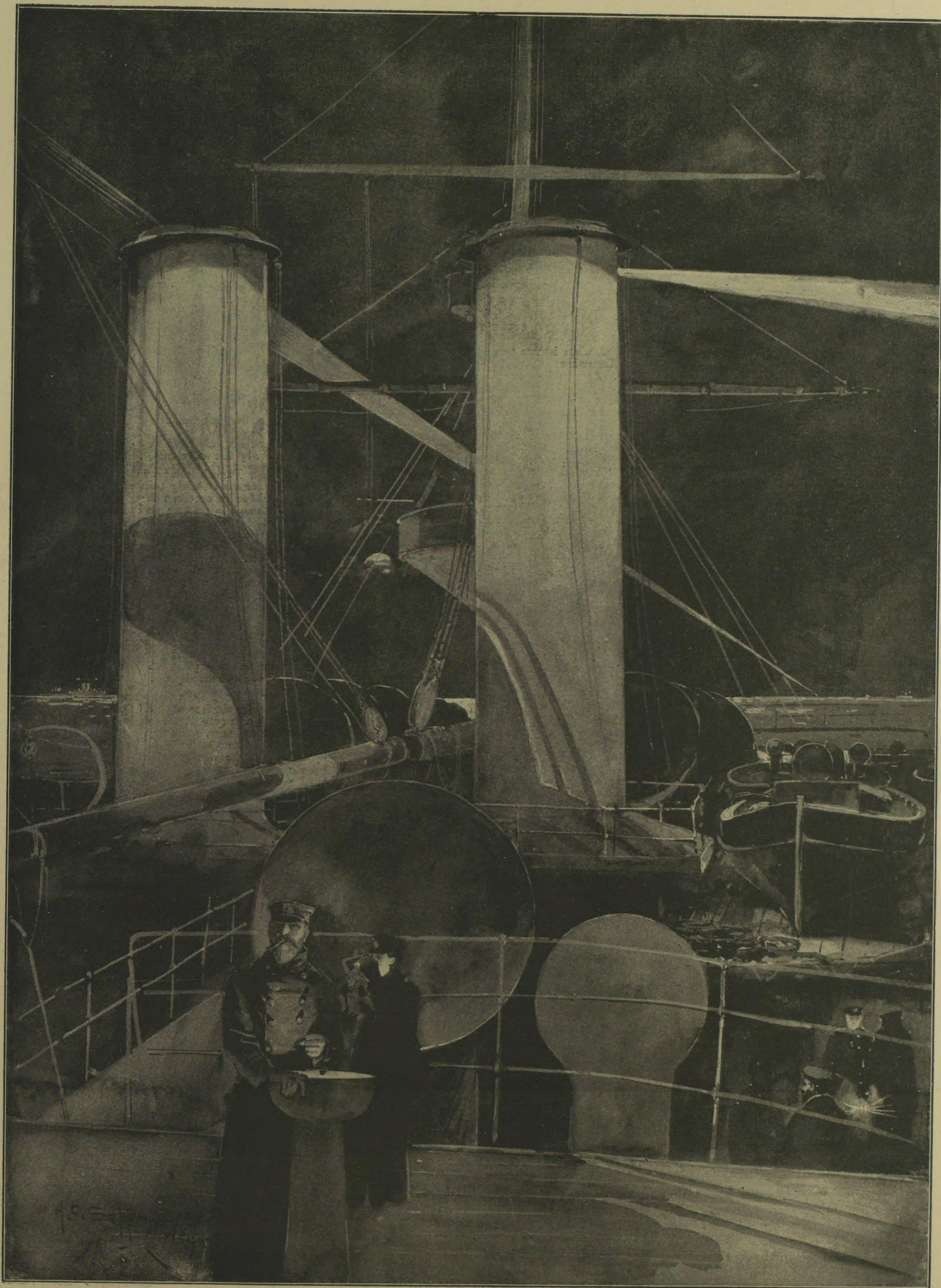
ACCIDENT TO THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY SCOTCH EXPRESS AT ST. NEOTS, HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

From Photographs by W. H. Forstall, St. Neots.

and I have little doubt that the American version of the novel will be considerably improved by the recent engagement of Mr. H. V. Esmond for the part of Little Billee. He always struck me as an ideal Billee, and to my mind it is absolutely immaterial whether the actor is like the pictures or not. Mr. Esmond, as we saw in "The Masqueraders," has a truly pathetic note in his voice, and I only wish that the American adapter could have made a little more of Little Billee and Gecko, the latter being concerned in the most dramatic passages of the novel. However, Mr. Esmond will do all that is possible with the sensitive little artist whose love for Trilby brings such disasters into his young life. I stand corrected. It seems that Mr. Tree at the piano is a mere reproduction of the attitudes in the pictures. Once more those pictures, so beautiful in the book, but so unnecessary in the play, unless it is designed as a "living picture" and no more. I think, however, that Mr. Beerbohm Tree is far too much of an artist to fail to convey by his touch on the piano the rhythm, accent, and sentiment of the song merely in order to reproduce Svengali at the piano in black and white. Of course, "Trilby" was bound to be parodied. Mr. Arthur Roberts in his "Trilby Triflet" is immense, and has the clever assistance of Miss Kitty Loftus, Mr. Denny, and Mr. Eric Thorne, whose Gecko is a little masterpiece in its way. The funniest notion of the Arthur Roberts version is that Trilby goes on singing "Ben Bolt" with such persistent and horrible iteration that Svengali dies of it! He can't stop her, so he falls dead across the table. Then we are to have the



THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: SCENES IN THE STREETS.



THE BRITISH MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON IN THE LEVANT: USING THE SEARCH-LIGHT ON A DARK NIGHT.

PERSONAL.

Lord Salisbury's speech at the Mansion House was one of the most impressive he has ever made. It has been very well received all over Europe, though it is probably not so much appreciated at the Yildiz Palace. The Prime Minister gave the Sultan solemn warning that if the reforms accepted by the Porte were not carried out the united Powers would be compelled to resort to other measures. This plain speaking is made all the more significant by the growing turbulence throughout the Turkish Empire—turbulence which is either stimulated or unchecked by the Sultan and his Ministers.

The Duke of Cambridge's retirement from the command of the Army has been followed by a round of festivities in his honour. There is a steady run of dinners, with which the Duke is coping manfully. He withstands the onslaughts of the menu as Wellington withstood the French cuirassiers on the plains of Waterloo. It is an English way to testify regard by giving dinners, and the Duke is making them occasions for those bright and terse little speeches in which he has always been so happy.

The man who has just succeeded to the chief command of the army of the United States is pretty well known to European readers, but the American soldiers know him better. He is the greatest Indian fighter on record. Major-General Nelson A. Miles is a native of Massachusetts, and was born at Westminster in that State on Aug. 8, 1839. His ancestors were among the earlier settlers and explorers, and among the patriots who struggled for the freedom of America in the revolutionary war, and later in that of 1812. He received an academic education, and the early part of his life was engaged in mercantile pursuits in Boston. He inherited the spirit of a soldier, and at the first tap of the drum in 1861 he hastened to raise a company of volunteers, devoting his own means to that end, and offered his services to his State. He entered the service at the age of twenty-one, and served from the beginning of the rebellion until its close in the volunteer service, rising from the rank of a subaltern to that of a Major-General.

General Miles commanded the largest division of the Army of the Potomac, and at one time, at the age of twenty-six, was in command of twenty-five thousand



Photo Brande, Chicago.

MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES,
IN COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

men. He was engaged in the battles of the Peninsula before Richmond and at Antietam and in every battle of the Army of the Potomac until the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court House. At the close of the war he was commissioned Colonel of the 40th U.S. Infantry, and was shortly afterwards transferred to the 5th Infantry. His service since the war has been scarcely less distinguished. His advancement has been very rapid. He was promoted Brigadier-General in the regular establishment in December 1880, and Major-General in April 1890. His services in the Indian territory have been of inestimable value to the country, and the remarkable success of his campaigns has probably been unequalled in the history of Indian warfare.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone is meditating a yachting cruise to the coast of Dalmatia. This looks as if he might visit the Prince of Montenegro, who would probably turn out with all his mountaineers to give a prodigious welcome to the son of Gladstone.

Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bigham, who were retained to defend the *Freemason's Journal* against Mr. Chance's libel suit, have both of them, for reasons public or personal, returned their briefs.

Mr. Asquith's return to the Bar seems to have caused some dissatisfaction. There are barristers, perhaps, who view with displeasure this advent of a formidable rival who was supposed to have left the forensic arena finally when he became Home Secretary. It is even said that by acting as counsel in the Lancaster case Mr. Asquith would violate a public trust, because when Home Secretary he had the control of lunatic asylums. But any action in the Lancaster case would not be taken against the asylum in which Miss Lancaster was incarcerated. It would simply turn upon the order for detention, which was signed by a doctor.

Count Taaffe, who is suffering from serious illness, is both an Austrian statesman and an Irish peer. He is the eleventh Viscount Taaffe in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron of Ballymote, but for the last five generations the Taaffes have lived in Austria. His mother was Princess Amelia, daughter of the late Prince of Brezenheim von Regenz. Count Taaffe is only sixty-two years of age. He

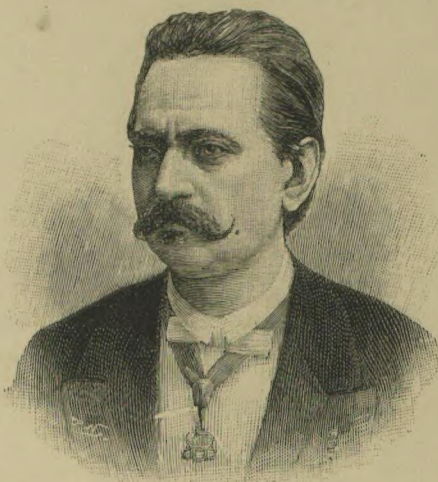


Photo Adèle, Vienna.

COUNT TAAFFE.

married, when he was twenty-three, the Countess Ezaky von Kereszthszegh, and succeeded to the family honours in 1873. After holding many high State offices, notably the Governorship of the Tyrol and Vorarlberg, he became Prime Minister of Austria in 1879, and in that office, which he held till 1893, he displayed an extraordinary adroitness in managing the heterogeneous nationalities which compose the Austrian and the Hungarian States, holding to no cast-iron policy, but showing himself an ideal opportunist, a master of compromise and of the art of controlling conflicting interests. His laughing remark, made in a sitting of the Reichsrath in 1892, "*En somme et avant tout il importe de vivre*," might well serve as the epitaph of his political career. When he left office in 1893 he received an unusually warm letter of thanks from the Emperor Francis Joseph, of whose youth he was the cherished friend and companion. Count Taaffe was a politician of the school of Lord Melbourne, whose famous "Why can't you let it alone?" he would heartily have echoed.

Mr. Chamberlain has established himself in the good graces of Khama and the other Bechuana representatives. They say he is "verily a chief," a tribute which may excite the jealousy of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. The Colonial Secretary has made an arrangement by which Khama will be able to exclude the liquor traffic from Bechuanaland, and to exercise other rights unhampered by Mr. Rhodes. This settlement, which is satisfactory to all parties, is Mr. Chamberlain's first conspicuous success as a member of the new Ministry.

After the Lord Mayor's Show, the institution which has most deeply impressed the Bechuana chiefs in this country is the money in the Bank of England. That is to them a concrete witness of our national wealth. They will probably give impressive accounts of it to their people when they get home; and the missionaries must take care that the Mammon of the Bank does not become a fetish in Bechuanaland, to be worshipped with appropriate rites.

By a stroke of whimsical irony, the late Lord Mayor's declaration that Mr. Barnato had saved the commercial credit of the City was followed by a tremendous fall on the Stock Exchange. It is not yet recorded that Mr. Barnato's unaided exertions have set the market up again.

Amid the alarms and excursions of the Irish Parliamentary party, it is pleasant to observe that Mr. McCarthy is still "My dear Justin" to Mr. Healy. It is the intention of the politicians led by Mr. McCarthy to expel Mr. Healy from the Irish Nationalist party; but this does not make Mr. Healy any less genial, and even affectionate, to "My dear Justin." Amid much characteristic invective, this touch of feeling is agreeably prominent.

Nubar Pasha, the Prime Minister of Egypt, has resigned, owing to failing health. Nubar is perhaps the ablest statesman that Egypt has produced in the last forty years. He was the intimate counsellor of Ismail, but when the extravagance of that monarch passed the bounds even of Oriental eccentricity, Nubar contributed a good deal to Ismail's overthrow. Since then he has stood for a policy which, on the whole, was conceived in the genuine interests of his country.

Lord Dunraven has caused an unfortunate impression on both sides of the Atlantic by the publication of a pamphlet detailing all the circumstances of the disputes which led to the abandonment of the contest for the America Cup. In this document it is suggested that there was some foul play in the measurement of the American yacht. Lord Dunraven admits that he cannot prove this, and it is a thousand pities that such an insinuation was ever made.

It would be a real comfort to Europe if Boris, heir to Prince Ferdinand's throne, would get himself baptised. We are tortured by anxiety daily on account of this infant's absence from the font, and his religious opinions. At present he has no religious opinions, because it is not settled whether he shall be baptised Orthodox or Catholic. It is not known whether he has given his nurse any decided inkling as to his state of mind, but if the suspense is prolonged still further we may hear at any moment that Prince Boris has declared himself a Unitarian out of sheer fatigue.

It is not true that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones proposes to change his name by discontinuing the Jones. How this idea came about it is difficult to say. It was solemnly announced in a morning paper unused to figments, and

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has not taken the trouble to contradict it publicly. The friends of this popular dramatist are vigorously assured by him, all the same, that there is no truth in the rumour.

Mr. George Augustus Sala has been received at Brighton into the Roman Catholic Church.

Lord Harris says that cricket is one of the mainstays of our Indian Empire. He recently described a cricket-match played in the presence of ten thousand natives, who were profoundly impressed by the sportsmanlike spirit of the game. Some jaundiced critic has been writing in an American paper that cricket is played only by people who have no sense of humour. The Americans had better send a baseball team to Bombay to see whether the humours of that game will make the natives long to be annexed to the United States.

Dr. George Brandes, the Danish critic, is paying a visit to London with a view to the completion of an important work on Shakspeare, on which he has been engaged for some time. Dr. Brandes is well known as a sympathetic critic of Ibsen, though his opinions of that writer have undergone some modification.

Rather a curious little literary history attaches to the recent publication in the *Fortnightly Review* of a portion of Robert Burns's correspondence which, so far as we know, has never been published before. As has been announced in many quarters, Messrs. W. E. Henley and Henderson are busy preparing a fine edition of Burns to be issued by Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh. We understand that a quarry of unpublished correspondence had been discovered by these enterprising editors, and that, with some difficulty, they had obtained permission to use it. By some mysterious method, a contributor to the *Fortnightly* has, it appears, been clever enough to forestall Mr. Henley in the original publication of some, at least, of this correspondence; and a not unnatural commotion has thereby been excited. It would perhaps be prudent, on the whole, to reserve the true history of the "mysterious method" by which the letters were obtained until the memory of it has become a little staler; we can only trust that Mr. Henley's edition may not suffer by this unfortunate occurrence.

Among English composers of music, the late Mr. Goring Thomas certainly took quite a decided rank; and it is doubtless an excellent thing that choirs who are not strong enough to perform great music, but who are quite capable of giving excellent interpretations of English music, should perform even posthumous works of the late Mr. Goring Thomas. But we feel inclined to utter a little growl of protest when we find so capable and accomplished a band and chorus as those at the Crystal Palace, under Mr. August Manns, wasting their time over such works as "The Swan and the Skylark," by this composer. The cantata was performed on the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 9, and probably could not have been played and sung better. But we did not want it at all. Seeing that Mr. Manns can produce, if he pleases, a fine performance of the Ninth Symphony, it is a world of pities to find him pottering with such inferior stuff as "The Swan and the Skylark."

Herr Felix Mottl's reappearance in London as the conductor of the Queen's Hall Concert of Tuesday night, Nov. 12, was greeted with enthusiasm and delight by a crowded audience. A very varied programme was performed. The detail which formed the staple of the evening's fare was the third act of "Die Walküre," the principal parts of which were taken by Miss Marie Brema and Mr. Plunket Greene. Their performance took the house by storm, and convinced all who heard it that in Miss Brema we have one of the greatest of living Wagnerian singers. For the rest, Herr Mottl is always superb.

At the Monday Popular Concert of Nov. 11 a very interesting, indeed an exquisite, rendering of Mozart's Quartet in C major was given by Mdlle. Wietrowetz, M.M. Gibson, Ries, and Paul Ludwig. Among chamber music this quartet ranks with the very highest of its kind; perhaps, one may say, outside opera, Mozart never composed music so significant and splendid as the mysterious Adagio with which the work opens; and it was this movement which the four executants played with perfect skill and sentiment. Mr. Rumford sang, at the same concert, two of Schumann's loveliest songs, "Du bist wie eine Blume," and "Frühlingsnacht"; but we regret to have to confess that he sang them but poorly. Above all composers of scattered songs, Schumann possessed the rich and true inspiration of that moment which beautiful poetry touches to beautiful song. But Mr. Rumford chose to translate that poetry for us into prose. At any rate, although our ears received an impression of the notes which Schumann wrote, those notes were deprived of their real meaning and bloom. Miss Fanny Davies gave an agreeable interpretation of Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor and the concert concluded with Beethoven's Trio in E flat major (Op. 70).



SILVER CUP, TWO SILVER BOWLS, AND PAIR OF CANDELABRA,

Presented to Mr. St. John H. Coventry, Grenadier Guards, by the officers of the regiment, on the occasion of his marriage, November 5.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Balmoral, accompanied by Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg) and Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), on Saturday, Nov. 9, received his Majesty Dom Carlos, King of Portugal, who arrived from Sandringham, with the Duke of Connaught and Prince Henry of Battenberg, the new Portuguese Minister, Senhor d'Antas, and several Portuguese Staff officers. A guard of honour, formed by the soldiers of the Royal Highlanders (Black Watch) regiment, was posted at the Castle; and the Highland retainers of her Majesty, with the pipers, escorted the carriage of the King of Portugal through the park. After luncheon the Queen invested his Majesty with the Order of the Garter. In the evening there was a bonfire on the top of Craig Gowan, and a torchlight procession, ending with Highland reels danced in front of the Castle.

The fifty-fourth birthday of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on Nov. 9, was kept with domestic rejoicings at Sandringham by the whole of his family, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince Nicholas of Greece, the Earl of Rosebery, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Bishop of Peterborough, and other guests. In London the royal birthday was celebrated by the customary salutes of guns on the Horse Guards' Parade and at the Tower, and by the other usual signs of public congratulation.

In addition to the peers already mentioned as having been elected Mayors of cities and boroughs for the ensuing year—namely, the Duke of Norfolk for Sheffield, the Marquis of Ripon for Ripon, the Earl of Warwick for Warwick, the Earl of Derby for Liverpool, and Lord Windsor for Cardiff, the Duke of Sutherland has become Mayor of Longton, in Staffordshire; the Marquis of Zetland has accepted that office for Richmond, in Yorkshire, and the Earl of Dudley for Dudley, in Warwickshire; Earl Beauchamp for Worcester, Lord Hothfield for Appleby, and the Earl of Lonsdale for Whitehaven: several of these noblemen being re-elected.

Lord Wolseley, the new Commander-in-Chief of the Army, has appointed Colonel the Earl of Erroll his chief aide-de-camp; also Captain the Hon. Wenman Coke, of the Rifle Brigade; Captain Anthony Weldon as Militia aide-de-camp, and Captain T. F. Fremantle, of the 1st Bucks Rifles, as Volunteer aide-de-camp; and Captain Cecil Fielden, of the Scots Greys, as his Lordship's private secretary.

The most important political event of the week is Lord Salisbury's speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet on Saturday evening. As Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary he declared to all the world that the European Powers would act together in everything concerning the Turkish Empire; and if the Sultan's persistent misgovernment, his refusal to do justice and to protect the Armenians against such terrible sufferings as they endure, should bring that potentate to ruin, it was quite possible that the united Powers might find some other arrangement than the maintenance of that empire, since the hopes which they entertained forty years ago had not been fulfilled. This speech has been commented upon by all the foreign journalists in France, Germany, Austria, Russia, and Italy, with no disapproval of its general purport.

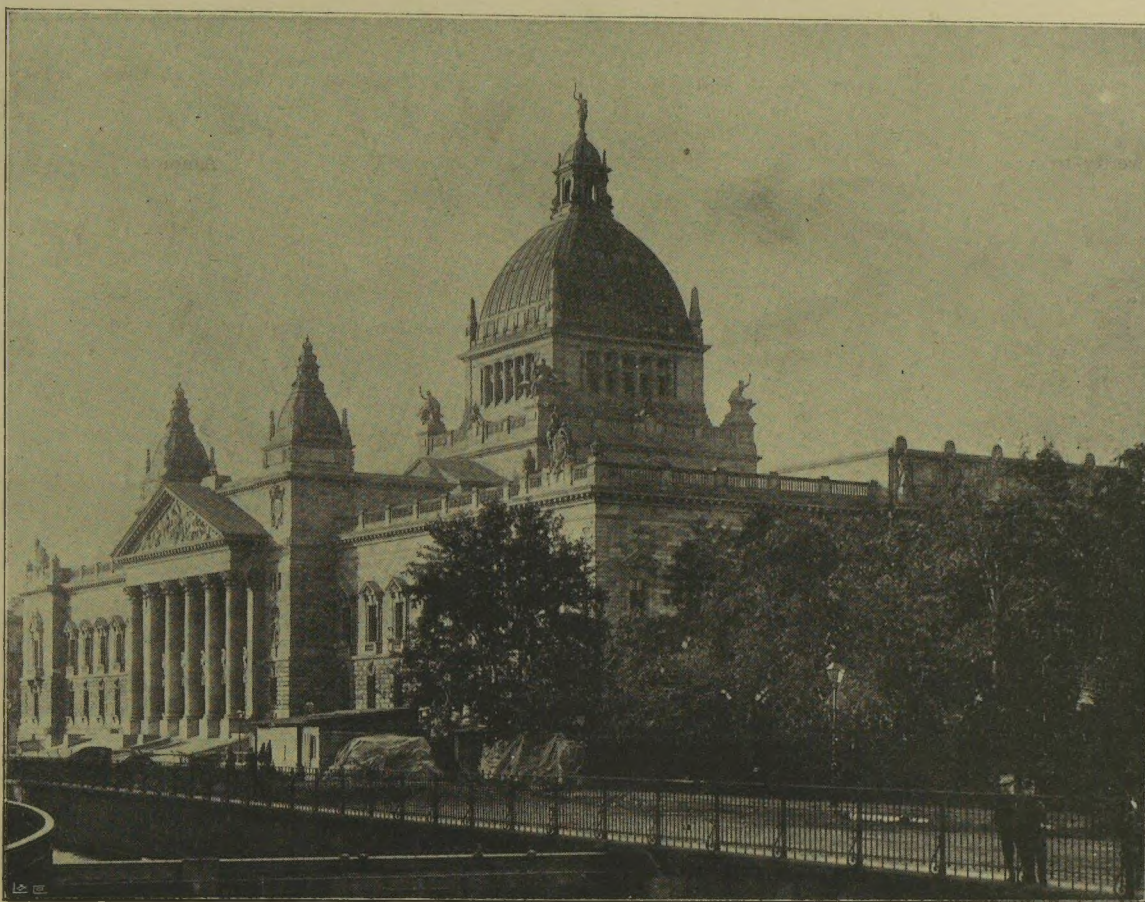
The Bechuana chiefs, Khama, ruler of the Bamangwato, Sebele, of the Bakwena, and Bathoen, of the Bangwaketsi, who have come to England to solicit a favourable settlement of the territory and government of those nations, had on Nov. 6 an interview with the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, to whom they explained their views and wishes through the Rev. W. C. Willoughby, who accompanied them from South Africa. On the next day Mr. Chamberlain sent them an official communication of the decisions at which he has arrived. Each of the three chiefs, with the people under him, will have a well-defined country to live in, under the protection of the Queen, with a resident English Government officer, getting his orders from the Queen through the Secretary of State and the High Commissioner for South Africa. The chiefs are to rule their own people much as at present, but the Queen's officer is to decide all cases of offenders whose punishment is death, and to hear appeals in some other very serious cases, and to decide all in which white men are concerned, or black men not belonging to the chief's tribe. Alcoholic liquors are not to be brought into the country for sale, and no liquor license shall be renewed; white men who give strong drink to black men will be punished. The Queen's officer will have a few white men to assist him, and a force of black mounted police. The people are to pay a hut tax, collected by the chiefs, and handed over by them to the British Government. The railway to Matabeleland, as far as the Pakwe River or the Elebe Fort, along the Transvaal Border, will run through the eastern portion of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, each of the chiefs giving up for it a strip of land not less than six or more than ten

miles wide, but interfering as little as possible with the garden grounds of natives, and providing gates for their cattle to pass from one side to the other. Khama, Bathoen, and Sebele are perfectly satisfied with these promises, and say that Mr. Chamberlain is "a great chief." He has invited them to dinner, and will present them to her Majesty at Windsor Castle before they leave England.

On Monday evening, at the Imperial Institute, a banquet was given to Colonel Gerard Smith, the appointed Governor of Western Australia. Mr. Chamberlain presided, and made a speech full of congratulations upon the recent quick progress and the encouraging prospects of that colony, but remarked that its prosperity could only be secured by increasing the population, which was equally applicable to other large territories in a similar condition. He hoped the time was at hand when the Australian colonies would follow the example of Canada by a federal union between themselves, which might be a step in the direction of Imperial Federation. He believed in the British Empire, and he believed in the British race. Speeches were made also by Sir W. C. Robinson, the retiring Governor of West Australia, and by Sir Malcolm Fraser, the Agent-General in London.

The Royal Geographical Society on Monday held its first meeting for this session, Mr. Clements Markham presiding, and Mr. Arthur Montefiore read an account of the proceedings of the Jackson-Harmsworth North Polar Expedition and of the winter sojourn in Franz Josef Land. A lecture was delivered on the same evening by Mr. J. Hampden Jackson at the Imperial Institute upon the territories of the Royal Niger Company in the interior of West Africa.

An account of the lamented death of Mr. A. F. Mummery, in July, by a disaster in the Nanga Parbat



THE NEW IMPERIAL GERMAN LAW COURTS AT LEIPSIK.

region of the Himalaya Mountains, where he was overwhelmed by an avalanche, was published on Monday in the daily papers.

The trial of Mr. Jabez Balfour, Mr. G. E. Brock, Mr. Morell Theobald, and Mr. George Dibley, before Mr. Justice Bruce and a special jury at the High Court, for alleged frauds in the management of the Liberator, the Lands Allotment, and several other allied companies, is still proceeding. On Friday, Nov. 8, the case for the prosecution was closed, and on Monday one of the defendants' counsel, Mr. Atherley Jones, made his speech for his client, Mr. Theobald, afterwards calling witnesses in his defence.

Seven men were killed on Monday by a colliery explosion at Blackwell, in Derbyshire; twenty-four were in the pit at the time, but the others were saved.

The recent heavy gales have caused the loss of several vessels at sea off the south-western coasts of England, Wales, and Ireland, with the loss also of a few lives in more than one case.

The large warehouse of Messrs. Joshua Wilson and Brother, wholesale provision merchants at Sunderland, was destroyed by fire on Nov. 4, and two fire-brigade men were killed by the upper floors falling upon them. Both were married men, with children.

Judgment has been given by the Court at Rotterdam against the owners of the *Crathie*, the Aberdeen steamer which ran into the *Elbe*, a steam-ship belonging to the North German Lloyd Company of Hamburg, off the Dutch coast, early in this year, causing great loss of life. The defendants are ordered to pay damages for the total loss of the Hamburg steam-ship, the amount to be hereafter assessed.

The South-Eastern Railway has granted a boon to Kentish agriculturists by a resolution to lessen the charge for conveyance of manure so much as 25 per cent., outside an area of twenty miles around the Bricklayers' Arms station, London.

The controversy between Lord Dunraven, owner of the yacht *Valkyrie III.*, and the New York Yacht Club, with the owners of the *Defender*, concerning the alleged unfair practices against the former in the recent abortive sailing match off Sandy Hook, has been pursued with some bitterness; and distinct accusations have been published, which are indignantly denied by yachting men in New York.

The French Chamber of Deputies, on Tuesday, elected M. Poincaré as Vice-President, in place of M. Lockroy, the new Minister of Marine. The Ministry of M. Bourgeois has been preparing its Budget. There has been a severe crisis on the Paris Bourse, caused by the sudden collapse of South African gold-mining speculations, but a combination of the banks has lent assistance to the more substantial concerns. M. Christophle has resigned the presidency of the Crédit Foncier, and is succeeded by M. Labeyrie.

The Emperor of Russia has presented to the Municipal Council of Paris a magnificent large vase of Ural jasper, made in the imperial manufactory at St. Petersburg, and bearing an inscription, as a token of acknowledgment of the courtesies lately shown to the officers and crews of the Russian naval squadron at Toulon and Paris, and a memorial of the French naval visit to Cronstadt.

The position of the Ottoman Government seems to be daily falling into a worse plight. Kiamil Pasha, so recently appointed Grand Vizier, having approached the Sultan with an entreaty to yield to the demand of the European Powers for complete and secured reforms of the provincial administration, has been summarily ejected from office. He is forcibly sent away from Constantinople, nominally to be Vali of Aleppo. Khalil Rifaat Pasha has been made Grand Vizier, with a new set of Ministers. This took place on Thursday, Nov. 7. There is talk of raising

120,000 troops to put down insurrections in the Asiatic provinces, but the Sultan's Government has no money or financial credit. The slaughter in Armenia and in many of the neighbouring towns is now estimated at more than ten thousand. Some districts between Trebizond and Erzeroum are left desolate, all their inhabitants having fled. The Armenian insurgents at Zeitoun have captured the Turkish barracks and garrison, with stores of arms and ammunition.

Disturbances have broken out likewise in Crete and in Syria. The English Church Mission at Nablous or Sichem, thirty-three miles north of Jerusalem, has been attacked by a fanatical mob, who killed some of the servants, but the English missionaries and their families escaped.

In Egypt, Nubar Pasha, the eminent Prime Minister of the Khedive, has resigned office, pleading his advanced age, and is succeeded by Mustapha Fehmy Pasha, who is well disposed towards British control.

The British expedition to Coomassie, occasioned by the Ashantee King, Prembeh, not having yielded to the demand made upon him, is now being actively prepared. Sir Francis Scott, Inspector of the Gold Coast Constabulary, will command, and the force will consist of 1400 men, including the battalion of West India negro troops, three hundred English soldiers picked from different regiments, and seven hundred Houssas.

THE IMPERIAL LAW COURTS AT LEIPSIK.

The ceremony of opening the new building erected for the Supreme Law Courts of the German Empire, at Leipzig, was attended by the Emperor William II. and the King of Saxony on Oct. 26, seven years after laying the foundation-stone. It was in October 1879 that the establishment of these Courts at Leipzig as a conspicuous symbol of German national unity was decreed by the Imperial Diet; and Saxony, but especially Leipzig, must be acknowledged to have strong claims upon such recognition from an historical point of view, as well as from the eminent reputation of that city for learning and literary activity. The new building, as will appear from our illustration, is one of a palatial character, not inferior in architectural design to the German Parliament House at Berlin. It stands near the left bank of the river, fronting the Simson Strasse to the east, with its rear in the Wilhelm Seyffert Strasse, between the Wächter Strasse and Beethoven Strasse, covering a site 126 metres long and 95 metres wide. The architect, Herr Ludwig Hoffmann, has adopted the Italian Renaissance style in his main conception, with details borrowed from suitable modern examples, and with a moderate use of decorative sculpture not encumbering the large proportions of this structure: the central dome, or cupola, square in its lower part and twenty-five metres in diameter, surmounting the grand hall, gives a crowning unity to the whole edifice. Its roof is of copper; on the lofty summit is the figure of Truth holding a torch. The interior is conveniently arranged, with the numerous different courts for the judges ranged along the sides of two quadrangles, north and south, to the right and to the left of the central hall. There is abundant light and good ventilation, which cannot be said of our own Palace of Justice in the Strand.



S.T. DADD

THE HUNTING SEASON: A WOUNDED MEMBER OF THE PACK.

The DAY of Their WEDDING



BY W. D. HOWELLS.

XIII.

It was the minister himself again who opened the lattice door to them. "Oh, here you are back! I am glad to see you. Well, have you made up your minds?" He spoke while they were getting through the entry into his dim parlour, with a tone of pleasantry.

Althea took the word. "Yee, we have made up our minds."

"And you really intend to get married this time?" He looked at Lorenzo.

"Yee, we do."

"I suppose you've thought it over thoroughly. I wish all the young people who come to me would do so. It would save a great deal of hopeless and useless thinking afterwards. If you'll sit down I will call my wife, and—"

He left them alone a moment, and Lorenzo whispered, "Althea, if you want to ask him again how he looks at that point in Luke—"

"Nay, we can see it as clearly as he can. We have got all the light there is."

"Yee, I presume that is so."

They had each other by the hand, and she pressed his hand convulsively. "Don't say anything more, Lorenzo." "Just as you say, Althea."

After a little delay the minister returned, bringing his wife with him—a short, stout little brunette, who had the effect of having hurriedly encased herself for the occasion in a black silk dress she wore. She glanced at Althea with a certain dislike or defiance in her look, as one does at a stranger whom one has heard prejudicial things of; and if the minister had told her of Althea's misgivings it might well have incensed a wife and mother.

He introduced them to her as Miss Brown and Mr. Weaver, and he said: "Well, now, if you will take your places"; and when they stood before him he began the ceremony.

Lorenzo, when he was asked if he would take Althea to be his wedded wife, helplessly answered, "Yee," and Althea did the same in her turn.

The light of a smile came over the minister's face at their answers, and when he had pronounced them man and wife, and blessed them, he said, laughing, "I suppose that this comes as near being a Shaker wedding as any could. Did you make the responses purposely in Shaker parlance?"

"Did we say 'Yee'?" Lorenzo asked of Althea.

"Yee, we did," she said, and he smiled, but she did not.

"I heard you say it, and I guess I did."

They both sat down again, and the minister's wife was about to sit down too, seeing that they were not going away, when there came loud cries of grief and rage from the back of the house, and she ran out to still them. The minister went to a writing-desk and filled up a certificate of marriage, which he handed to Althea, and then he sat down too.

"I don't know why we always make the ladies the

a fright. "But it isn't over? I thought—I thought there was something more, and that—that— Do you mean that now we couldn't change?"

"Why, surely," said the minister, "you understood what you were doing? Didn't you suppose that when I asked you if you would take this man for your husband I was asking you if you would marry him?"

"Yee, I knew that. But I didn't think that was all there was to it."

"I presume," Lorenzo began, "that it's because you ain't used to it, Althea."

The minister broke in with a laugh. "It's to be hoped that you won't get into the habit of it, Mrs. Weaver; some people do. But you're quite right about it in one sense. This isn't all there is of marriage, and it isn't all over by any means. It's just begun." He sat rocking and smiling at them, and they remained rigidly upright in their chairs.

"I presume," said Lorenzo, "that there's some charge. How much will it be?"

The minister seemed amused at the bluntness of the demand. "There's no fee." He had apparently a little difficulty in adding, "It is something we always leave to the bridegroom."

Lorenzo took out the roll of his bank-notes. He peeled one off the roll, and handed it to the minister. "That be enough?"

The minister took the ten-dollar note and looked at it. "I think it would be altogether too much unless you are richer than I imagine."

"Well," said Lorenzo proudly, "I started with a hundred dollars last night."

"And is that all your worldly wealth?"

"I've got a lot in Fitchburg that's worth four hundred more."

"Is that so?" asked the minister. "You are a capitalist. Still, I think that if you happen to have a one-dollar bill in that roll I should prefer it."

"I guess I got one," said Lorenzo with the same phlegm; and he looked among the notes till he found a dollar bill, which he gave to the minister.

"Ah, thank you," said the minister; and he added: "I don't suppose you had quite the training of a financier—a moneyed man—in the Family?"

Lorenzo laughed. "I never had a cent in my hands till a week ago, when I left the Family. The Trustees do all the buyin'."

"Is it possible, is it possible?" cried the minister. "You are of the resurrection, indeed! You begin to convert me! Do you think they would admit me to the Family?"

"Oh, yee," said Lorenzo gravely. "You would have to separate, and give up your children."

"Ah, that isn't so simple. At any rate, it requires reflection. But to be in a condition where the curse of money is taken away! What is the name of your family—Eden? Paradise? Golden Age?"

custodians of these things, but we do. I think, myself, it's often quite as important to the husband to know that he is married."

"And are we married now?" she faltered. "Is that all?"

"Quite. It wasn't so very formidable, was it?"

"But—but—"

She stopped, as if in

"Nay," returned Lorenzo, with seriousness; "we came from Harshire."

There seemed to be nothing more to say or do, but Lorenzo would probably not have got away of his own motion. It was Althea who had to say to the minister, "Well, good afternoon"; and when he offered his hand in response, it was she who had first to take it. She did it very stiffly, but Lorenzo gave it a large, loose grasp, and held it a moment, as if trying to think of something grateful, or at least fitting, before he said, "Well, good afternoon," in his turn.

XIV.

On their way back to the hotel they were silent till Lorenzo took out the money he had put loosely into his pocket and folded it more neatly. He turned the notes over, and then felt in his other pockets, as if he thought he might have misplaced some of them. Althea did not seem to notice what he was doing. She walked rapidly, a little ahead of him.

"Althea," he said gently, and a little timidly, "I don't know as we better stay in Saratoga—well, not a great deal longer." She looked round. "I—I—the money seems to be nearly all gone. I guess we ha'n't got much more than enough to pay for our tickets back to Fitchburg."

She appeared not to understand at first. Then she said passionately, "Let us go at once, then! I shall be glad to go. Don't let's stay a minute longer. It's dreadful to me here!"

"Just as you say, Althea," he returned submissively. "I presume we might full as well stay till after supper. We've paid for it, and the cars don't—"

"Go and see if there isn't an earlier train—if there isn't one that starts right off. I want to start now."

"Why Althea—"

"Don't try to speak to me, Lorenzo!"

"Nay, I won't then. But I got to take you to the hotel and get them to show you where the room is."

"Well!"

"And then I'll go round to the dépôt and find out about the cars."

As they mounted the steps of the hotel-porch a girlish figure in light blue came flying towards them from the end of the long verandah. It was young Mrs. Cargate. She waved a telegram in the air. "Oh, he's coming!" she called to them. "He's coming to-night! He'll be here on the seven o'clock train! Oh, it seems as if I could fly, I'm so glad! I could just hug everybody! I must hug somebody; I must kiss—!" She ran upon Althea, and flung her arms round her, and put up her pouted lips.

Althea pulled away, and, with her head thrown back, "Nay," she said icily, "we don't kiss."

The young woman released her. "You don't kiss? Well, if that isn't the best joke yet. When I tell George about this! Why, what do you and Mr. Wea—"

"It's against our religion," said Lorenzo sternly, and his face was the face of an ascetic as he spoke.

The young woman gasped, and retreated from them, staring at them as she paced slowly backward. She turned and ran, with a cry of laughter, towards the black figure of her silent mother at the end of the verandah.

At the door of their room Lorenzo left Althea. "I will go and see about the cars now. You get the things all ready, so that we needn't lose any time if the cars start anyways soon." He spoke with an austerity which was like something left of the tone he had used in rebuking that young woman. It was gone when he came back, and called gently, on the outside of the door, "Althea!"

"Yee, Lorenzo," her voice answered, "come in!"

He opened the door, and stood staring at her from the threshold. She sat dressed in her garb of Shakeress—the

plain, straight gown of drab, the drab shawl crossed upon her breast, the close collar that came up to her chin; her face was hidden in the depths of the Shaker bonnet.

"Well, well!" he murmured huskily.

"Sit down, Lorenzo," she said.

"There ain't much time, Althea. The cars start in about half an hour, and—" He glanced about the room, where, on chairs and sofas, were strewn the finery that Althea had worn during the day; the packages of her afternoon purchases had been torn open, and their contents scattered about on the floor. His eye caught upon a fashionable gown of grey stuff. "That your travelling-dress, Althea?" he asked feebly.

"I have got on my travelling-dress, Lorenzo. I am going back to the Family."

"Yee," he vaguely assented.

"I tried to put that dress on," she continued. "I couldn't." She paused, as if for him to say something, but he did not say anything. "I have thought it all out at last, Lorenzo. I don't blame the earthly order: it's

"I wanted to full as much as you did, Althea. It was my fault too."

"I thought—I thought if it was over I should feel differently, and see it as folks do in the world-outside."

"Yee, I knew that, Althea. I wouldn't have let you if I hadn't understood it so. I could see how your mind was workin'."

"But I can't see it so, Lorenzo! The more I look at it the worse it seems for us!"

"It's strange," he mused aloud, "that we can't look at it in their light. Is it a sin for all the world?"

"It isn't a sin for the world, for the world hasn't the same light as ours. But we should be shutting our eyes to the light!"

"Yee," he assented sadly.

"But, Lorenzo," she entreated passionately, "if you say for me to stay in the world-outside with you and be your wife I will do it! Do you say so? Do you say so?" She came towards him with her hands clasped and her face

"Don't try to make me cry, Lorenzo."

He looked round the room again, disordered with the pretty things she had flung about. "I declare," he said dreamily, "that hat's got to look like you."

"Lorenzo!"

"If you've got on everything you need, Althea, we'll leave these things here. We sha'n't want 'em any more where we're goin'." He stopped, and they stood looking at each other. "Althea, we have got to tell them everything we've done when we get back."

"Yee."

"Do you believe, Althea," he said, in a voice that came like a thick whisper from his throat, "that they would think any the worse of you if I was to—kiss you?"

"I don't know, Lorenzo."

"It would be for good-bye, just once; and it would be my fault, and not yours."

"I don't want you should bear the blame. If you were to do it, it would be—because I let you."

He caught her to his breast; she laid her arms tenderly



When they stood before him he began the ceremony.

the best thing there is in the world-outside. But we have known the heavenly order, and if—even if—we were to be very happy together—"

She stopped, and he said "Yee."

"Or that isn't it, either. They may be all wrong in what they taught us in the Family."

Lorenzo cleared his throat. "It did seem so—for a spell."

"But whether it was right or whether it was wrong, whether it was true or whether it was false, it's too strong for me now, and it would be too strong as long as I lived. I have got to go back."

"Have you thought what they will say?"

"Haven't I thought what they would say every minute since I stole out of the Family house like a thief and ran away? But I don't care what they will say. They will take me back, I know that, and that is all I care for."

"Yee."

"I want you should let me go as far as Fitchburg with you, and then I can easily get to Harshire."

He stared at her. "Althea, do you think I am going to let you go back alone?" he asked solemnly. "I am going back to Harshire with you."

"Nay, Lorenzo, I have thought that out too. I blame myself for getting married to you."

wild in the depths of her Shaker bonnet, where her tears shone dimly. "I'm nothing! What do I care for myself? It's only the truth I care for, and the light! But if you say so, Lorenzo, the light of the world shall be my light, the darkness shall be my light!"

There was a moment before he answered: "Nay, I don't say so, Althea!"

"Oh!" She fell back in her chair and began to sob.

"Do you think," he asked, "that I could be anyways comfortable knowin' that you wanted to live the angelic life and I was draggin' you down to the earthly?"

"The angelic life wouldn't be anything without you, Lorenzo," she said tenderly, but with a confusion of purpose which was not, perhaps, apparent even to herself.

"Nor the earthly order without you," he answered solemnly. He added, with that mixture of commonplace which was an element in his nature: "I presume, if I wanted to stay in the world-outside I could get a divorce easy enough; but if I can't have you I don't want to stay. If you can't feel that it's right for you to live in the earthly order, I know it can't be right for me either. We can do like so many of them have done: we can go back to the Family, and live there separate. It will be a cross, but it won't be any more of a cross for us than it is for the others that have separated; and maybe—maybe we ought to bear a cross."

about his neck; their heads were both hidden in her Shaker bonnet.

"Now come," he said.

They walked along towards the station rapidly, Lorenzo some paces ahead of Althea, and they looked as if they did not belong together. A young fellow in a light wood-coloured surrey with a pair of slender sorrels drew up to the sidewalk and called to Lorenzo: "Carriage! Want a ca—" His eye strayed from Lorenzo to the figure of Althea in her Shaker dress. He pushed up his hat, and the cigar which he was smoking dropped from his parting lips. They passed him without looking up; but his head was drawn round after them, as if by a magnetic attraction, and he remained staring at them over his shoulder till they were lost to sight at the corner turning to the station.

THE END.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

In our Next Issue we shall publish the Opening Chapters of a New Story by MRS. ANDREW DEAN, entitled "A WOMAN WITH A FUTURE," Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

TWO OLD FRIENDS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In the "Parnassus Library" Messrs. Macmillan publish two pretty new editions of old friends, Virgil and the "Iliad." The object, no doubt, is to provide tempting pocket examples of these classics, but for whom are they provided? In the last century, when Education had not made her prodigious advance, and newspapers were few and small, many men and some women read the classics. We think of old Lord Pittsigo, crouched in rags under the bridge, with his Virgil or Livy. We think of Condorcet, with the pocket Horace which betrayed him as no good citizen. But now, who but professional scholars read the classics for love? I know not, but I hope Messrs. Macmillan "have a back," as James Melville says about the Kirk—have friends and customers for their Virgil and Homer.

I who write possess more Homers than one citizen should be allowed to enjoy, but not the right one—the Florentine of 1488. Nor have I, any more than Charles Nodier, succeeded in getting the right Virgil—the first Elzevir Virgil, in good condition. For a pocket Homer I prefer the ordinary dumpy Oxford edition in brown cloth, or even Bliss's little Oxford text of 1810, in blue morocco, to Messrs. Macmillan's new volume, on ribbed paper, with a new fount of Greek type. This type, says the editor, Mr. Leaf (*vir doctissimus et amicus meus*) "will no doubt startle the eyes of easy-going readers." Yet for whom but easy-going readers are pocket editions intended? I don't, of course, mind seeing iota in his proper place—not written below, according to "the shameless habit" of the twelfth century. It is the new type that fatigues, and even puzzles: it is black, small, and terribly serried. The Virgil, edited by Mr. Page, is also printed in a small, close type, but a type not so unaccustomed. However, all this may be good for younger and less weary eyes.

Mr. Leaf provides an excellent brief preface on the Homeric text. He is a believer in an "Iliad" slowly developed through several centuries by I know not how many poets, rhapsodists, "diaskeuasts," and other people. I am so far in advance of my age as to believe in Homer. But Mr. Leaf does not fight this battle over again nor, happily, does he give us a "restored" text, full of what I may call Wardour Street Greek, archaic Greek "as she is wrote"—conjecturally—by philologists. The kind of text that Herodotus and all the classical writers know is quite good enough for us. Nobody tries to re-write "Chevy Chase" in the verbal forms of the original balladmaker, and Homer's presumed original forms might be left alone. A "restored" Homer is as bad as a "restored" cathedral. Mr. Leaf thinks we have, in "the Paris group," relics of an ancient manuscript "distinct from the vulgate" and "belonging to a class which was reckoned by Aristarchus as being among the best." "The excessively dull evidence," as he calls it, for this opinion he has set forth in the *Journal of Philology* (xviii. 20). A few alterations in the present text are, therefore, made on the authority of a Vienna manuscript styled "L." But the easy-going reader finds one text, were it the Nerli's, pretty nearly as good as another.

Mr. Page's preface to his Virgil deals more than Mr. Leaf's with literary and æsthetic criticism. Virgil is, indeed, the most literary and reminiscent and the most sedulously "polished" of poets. Donatus reports that Virgil himself spoke of "licking his verses into shape as a bear licks her cubs." He had always an older model in his eye, as Burns had; for Mr. Stevenson truly says that Burns is the most imitative of poets. We do not commonly think thus about the Dumfries Exciseman. When we reflect on imitative and reminiscent poets, Virgil, Milton, Keats, Tennyson are in our minds. But it is no less true that

Burns almost invariably had a model in his eye; it might be Fergusson, or it might be Ramsay, or some old half-forgotten song, or "The Cherry and the Sloe." The genius of Burns absorbed, eclipsed, and even rendered obsolete his masters. The genius of Virgil, of course, did not do so, as far as we are concerned, in the case of Homer; but through the Middle Ages even Homer was supplanted by him, and Theocritus was unknown.

As to Apollonius Rhodius, Virgil has used him, and snuffed him out. To my taste, the character and adventure of Medea, in Apollonius, are the very essence and origin of romance, especially of the "love interest." Mr. Courthope and Mr. Nutt have lately been disputing (if I make out the topic of their controversy) as to how far Celtic literature is the fountain of the love-interest in mediæval French romance. However this may be decided, Apollonius is the fountain-head of the love story for literature at large—and nobody reads him! Mr. Mackail has just published a work on Latin literature, in Professor Knight's series of "University Extension Manuals" (Murray). University

suppose he borrowed freely from the lost Cyclic poets. So no doubt, did Quintus Calaber in the fourth century. The world leaves my poor Quintus out in the cold. Yet I prefer his end of Troy to Virgil's, probably just because he wrote in a better language—in Greek.

The world will never come round to my opinion. Virgil's epic, as Mr. Mackail says, is "the vehicle for all his own inward broodings over life and fate, for his subtle and delicate psychology, and for that philosophic passion in which all the other motives and springs of life were becoming included." "Nature herself," in Virgil, "is seen through a medium of strange gold," as when "all the golden autumn woodland reels" in a mist and in smoke of burning leaves. Virgil's "note of brooding pity is unique in the poetry of the world." "'Tis very true"; and, by virtue of what is his own and unexampled, Virgil has annexed and rules over great territories of the dispossessed. Apollonius is to him what Fergusson is to Burns, and only a stray sentimentalist remembers and is loyal to the fallen and disrowned and disinherited. But over Homer and Theocritus Virgil no longer victoriously extends his *virga*, his magic wand. After the oblivion of the Middle Ages they have come to their own again in a triumphant restoration.

FIREMAN SPRAGUE'S FUNERAL.

A very touching spectacle did honour to the memory of Martin Ernest Sprague, the fireman who perished after the gas explosion recently in the Strand. Sprague was a fine type of the man to whom "the path of duty" became "the road to glory." He was a thrifty, genial young man, who was liked by his fellows and appreciated by his superior officers; and therefore it was fitting that he should receive the last tribute of respect which it was possible to offer. The cortège, as depicted in our Illustration, left the Metropolitan Fire Brigade headquarters in Southwark Bridge Road. The coffin, covered with flowers, was laid on a Union Jack, and was conveyed by a manual engine to Highgate Cemetery, where it was interred in "Firemen's Corner." After the mourning, containing Mrs. Sprague and various relatives, there followed, walking, Earl Carrington, Chairman of the London County Council Fire Brigade Committee; Captain J. S. Simonds, the chief officer; Mr. Gamble, second officer; Mr. John Burns, M.P., and thousands of the public. The bands of the M and I divisions of the Metropolitan Police played en route various mournful



GAS EXPLOSION IN THE STRAND: FUNERAL PROCESSION OF FIREMAN SPRAGUE LEAVING HEADQUARTERS.

Extension and manuals in general have enemies, and I would not be regarded as their very strenuous friend and admirer. But having occasion here to quote Mr. Mackail, I take the opportunity to recommend his manual as a book to be read "for human pleasure." Oxford has no more elegant scholar, nor, in my opinion, has our world of new poets any more elegant and charming versifier. Mr. Mackail says, "What Virgil borrowed he knew how to make his own; and the world which, while not denying the tenderness, the grace, and the charm of the heroine of the 'Argonautica,' leaves the 'Argonautica' unread, has thrilled and grown pale from generation to generation over the passionate tragedy of the Carthaginian queen." This is quite true and a great shame! One is in love with Apollonius's Medea; one is not in love with Virgil's Dido. If it were possible for any genius to write a prose romance on the Golden Fleece, and if he simply put in the character of Medea and her adventure as it stands in the Greek, I verily believe that even the world, even "that beast, the general reader," would be of my opinion, and rank Medea with Beatrix Esmond and Diana Vernon. Here, of course, the amateur can supply the name of his favourite heroine, say Tess or Miss Grant of Prestongrange. In making his conquest over Medea, Virgil was aided, of course, by the mediæval ignorance of Greek. In his fall of Troy, I

tunes. At the cemetery the impressive service for the burial of the dead was read by the Rev. J. Spencer, and at its conclusion the anthems "I will arise and go to my Father" and "Thy will be done" were touchingly rendered. The proceedings concluded with the familiar notes of the National Anthem floating solemnly over the hushed multitude as they stood in the waning afternoon light by the grave of a gallant man.

It is ten years since the Lovat case, which attracted much attention both in England and Scotland, was concluded by an adverse report of the House of Lords. Mr. John Fraser, of Carnarvon, who claims to be entitled to the peerage and the vast Lovat estates, with a rent-roll of £40,000 a year, is now in possession of additional evidence which is deemed by his legal advisers to be of the most important character, and a petition is about to be presented to the Queen with a view of obtaining a rehearing of the claim in the House of Lords. From the sensational evidence which it is rumoured will be adduced, the case bids fair to be the *cause célèbre* of the coming year. Mr. B. T. Storr, of Stratford, has been appointed solicitor for the claimant, and Mr. D. Warde, of the Temple, has been specially retained as the junior counsel.

THE BI-CENTENARY OF HENRY PURCELL.

It is just two hundred years ago, this month of November, since Purcell died in the thirty-seventh year of his age, and was buried beneath the organ in Westminster Abbey. He had more than a touch of genius. Not only did he compose the most beautiful anthems that are sung in our cathedrals, but he composed a "Te Deum" worthy of Handel; and with him rests the honour of writing the first English opera. His work, remarkable for its rich melody and strong individuality, we know and can appreciate. But of Purcell himself, the kind of man he was, the life he lived in those troublous black times of the Revolution, we know comparatively little. It is not even certain when or where he was born. The date of his birth was in 1658 or 1659. It has for long been accepted that he was born in Little St. Ann's Lane, Westminster; but Dr. Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey, has been inquiring into the career of his great predecessor, and finds there is no mention of any Purcell in the Westminster rate-book at the time, nor is there any record of Henry Purcell's baptism. His father, who was a gentleman of the Chapel Royal and master of the choristers at the Abbey, lived in the Almonry at Westminster from 1661 till his death three years later. "Widow Purcell" removed to Tuttle Street, now Tothill Street, and there she resided with her son for fifteen years. Little Henry at the age of six joined the choir of the Chapel Royal. Here he was under the charge of a stern disciplinarian, Captain Henry Cooke, who, on the outbreak of the Civil War, forsook the peaceful calling of vocalist in the chapel of Charles I., took to horse and served with the Cavaliers. Cooke was a fine singer, but, as Pepys says, "a vain coxcomb." It was impossible for him to conceive there was a better musician in all London; and when one of his own pupils, Pelham Humphrey, surpassed him, all the soldier-singer could do was to take to his bed and die of discontent. For eight years, however, Purcell—a feeble, delicate boy—was under the sturdy, rigorous Royalist. He was an infant prodigy; and had the booming of infant prodigies been a profession in those days, the lad would have been the fortune of some enterprising agent. It is believed he composed at the age of nine. Certainly when he was eleven he gave public evidence of his powers. On the King's birthday in 1670 the address from the children of the Chapel Royal was "composed by Master Purcell, one of the children of the said chapel."

While still a boy and in his early teens, Purcell wrote anthems which are sung in our minsters. He was fond of the theatre, and before probably he could well read Macbeth he had written music illustrative of passages in Shakspeare's tragedy. Before he was seventeen he composed the music for three plays, and he was in constant

and a lover of ribald society. It is difficult to believe that even in those dissolute times following the Restoration Purcell had much leisure. His productiveness was wonderful. Music for the theatres and anthems for the cathedrals he composed with marvellous rapidity. His individuality was marked, and when he was eighteen years of age he produced the exceedingly fine music for the masque in Shadwell's mutilation of Shakspeare's "Timon of Athens."



Photo H. Dixon, Albany Street.

HENRY PURCELL.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Alfred Littleton.

About this time he wrote the famous anthem, "They that go down to the sea in ships."

The organist of Westminster Abbey at that time was Dr. John Blow, a loving, appreciative man, who soon recognised the genius of his pupil. His appreciation went so far that he actually resigned his office that Purcell might be the organist of the majestic old pile. So, at the age of twenty-two, Purcell took the highest post an English musician could then occupy.

It was in 1680 he became organist, and he then severed his connection with the theatre—for some years, at any rate. That year, however, saw the production of the first English opera, "Dido and Æneas." Dramatic music at the time was in a deplorable state in this country. Hitherto, English composers had done no more than write songs and choruses, not to do with the play, but to be introduced at intervals in the performance as a change. Purcell never saw an opera in his life. Opera flourished in Italy, and was already creeping into France. But in England it was unknown. Purcell, however, was under the influence of Nicola Mattei, who came to this country in 1672, and was the means of settling Italian music in England. Through him Purcell gained acquaintance with the music of the Italian opera of that day. The power of the young composer's genius can be grasped from the fact that at the age of twenty-two, without having ever witnessed an opera, he produced an opera himself, which in construction was perfect. There was no dialogue. Every word in the libretto of "Dido and Æneas" was set in recitative, solo, duets. It was unique. Although in 1680 this opera was "performed at Mr. Josias Priest's Boarding School at Chelsey, by young gentlemen," there is a story that it was written seven years before. What ground there is for the story I know not; but it is the belief of many that the opera was first produced at Priest's school in Leicester Fields, where he taught dancing, and that Purcell himself sang the alto part. The opera was never produced at a theatre. Indeed, it did not appear in print till 1840, when the Musical Antiquarian Society published it.

When he was twenty-four he gave the world a collection of sonatas which are the earliest works we have of the kind in England. He married a lady named Peters, and lived in Great St. Ann's Lane, the house having long since been pulled down. Subsequently he lived in Bowling Alley, the house still standing, and for two years before his death he resided in Marsham Street, but which is the house cannot be discovered. He never lived in Dean's Yard. Lovers of Purcell who gaze at Purcell House in Dean's Yard are misdirecting their worship.

Purcell, who also became the organist of the Chapel Royal, was as industrious as a young man could be. He was perpetually composing church music, to say nothing of his odes to the King and royal family. For the coronation of James II. he wrote his two lovely anthems, "My heart is inditing" and

"I was glad." When he was twenty-eight he resumed his connection with the theatre. Dryden was looking about for some composer to assist him in his plays, and he fixed upon Purcell. He wrote songs for Dryden's abominable version of Shakspeare's "Tempest."

It was in 1687 that Purcell composed a quick-step which no doubt contributed a good deal to the Revolution of the following year. Lord Wharton, the Irish Viceroy, seized

upon this stirring march as the tune of a ridiculous song called "Lillibullero," insulting to the Irish people generally. That song, political and religious, spread through the land as fast as a popular comic song does to-day.

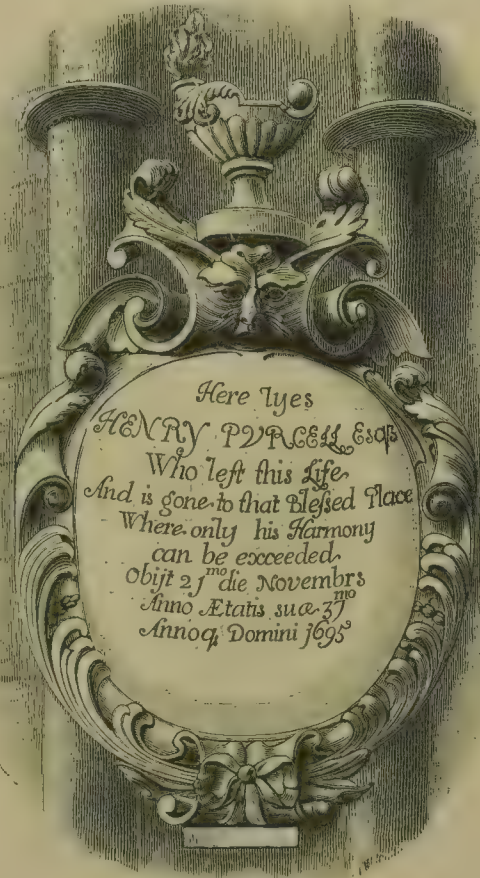
Though 1688 was a dark and troublous year, and James II. fled from his throne, Purcell contributed the music to at least one play, "The Fool's Preferment," at the Queen's Theatre, in Dorset Gardens. He was something of a musical Vicar of Bray. He just as readily wrote odes for the first of the Hanovers as for the last of the Stuarts. Besides, he had no small eye to business, and at the coronation of William and Mary he claimed, as his perquisite, the money received from sightseers admitted to the organ-loft to view the ceremony. The amount would certainly be several hundred pounds, and he declined to hand it over to the Dean, and was in consequence threatened with dismissal. Here is an entry in the old Chapter: "18 April, 1689. Mr. Purcell, the organ-blower, to pay to Mr. Needham such money as was received by him for places in the organ-loft, and in default thereof his place to be declared null and void, and that his stipend or salary be detained in the treasurer's hands until further orders." For Purcell to be described as "the organ-blower" was probably an intentional insult. How the quarrel ended I cannot say, but Purcell did not cease to be organist at the Abbey.

It would be merely to give a long list of names were I to endeavour to enumerate all Purcell's compositions. Busy as he was with his church music, he was also busy with the theatres. He set the music to Congreve's "The Old Bachelor," Southerne's comedy "The Maid's Last Prayer," Bancroft's tragedy "Henry II.," and to the first parts of a play called "Don Quixote." His genius blossomed into full glory within a year of his death. In 1694 he composed his famous "Te Deum," by which he is best known. Not only is it a great work, but it was the first orchestral "Te Deum" written by an Englishman. It was performed annually at the Festival of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul's, till 1793, when Handel's "Te Deum" was performed, and then they were given alternately. Of course, Purcell's "Te Deum" was subsequently "improved," and "additional accompaniments" added.

The original manuscript is now in the possession of Dr. Bridge, and he has carefully compared it with Dr. Boyce's edition. In the original music are 328 bars. Boyce added 148, and made the "Te Deum" into fifteen numbers instead of ten, altogether despoiling the piece of Purcell's individuality.

Queen Mary died at the latter end of the year 1694, but her funeral did not take place till the following March. Purcell composed the music. Everybody was deeply moved by his two beautiful anthems, "Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord" and "Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts." Purcell was very ill, and, on the authority of Sir John Hawkins, his wife had him locked out of doors one night when he came home from the tavern after twelve o'clock, heated with wine; and that exposure to the inclement weather brought on a disorder from which he died.

His death took place on Nov. 21 two hundred years ago; he was buried in Westminster Abbey beneath the



TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF PURCELL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

instrument that he loved so well, and the two anthems he composed for Queen Mary's funeral were sung at his own. Since then they have been sung at every choral funeral in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral. To commemorate this great master of English church music (a comprehensive account of whom appears in the *Musical Magazine* for November) one of his anthems has been included in the service every week at Westminster this year. There is to be a service on the anniversary of Purcell's death, and the music which first found voice in the old Abbey will be echoed again in all its majesty and grand simplicity.

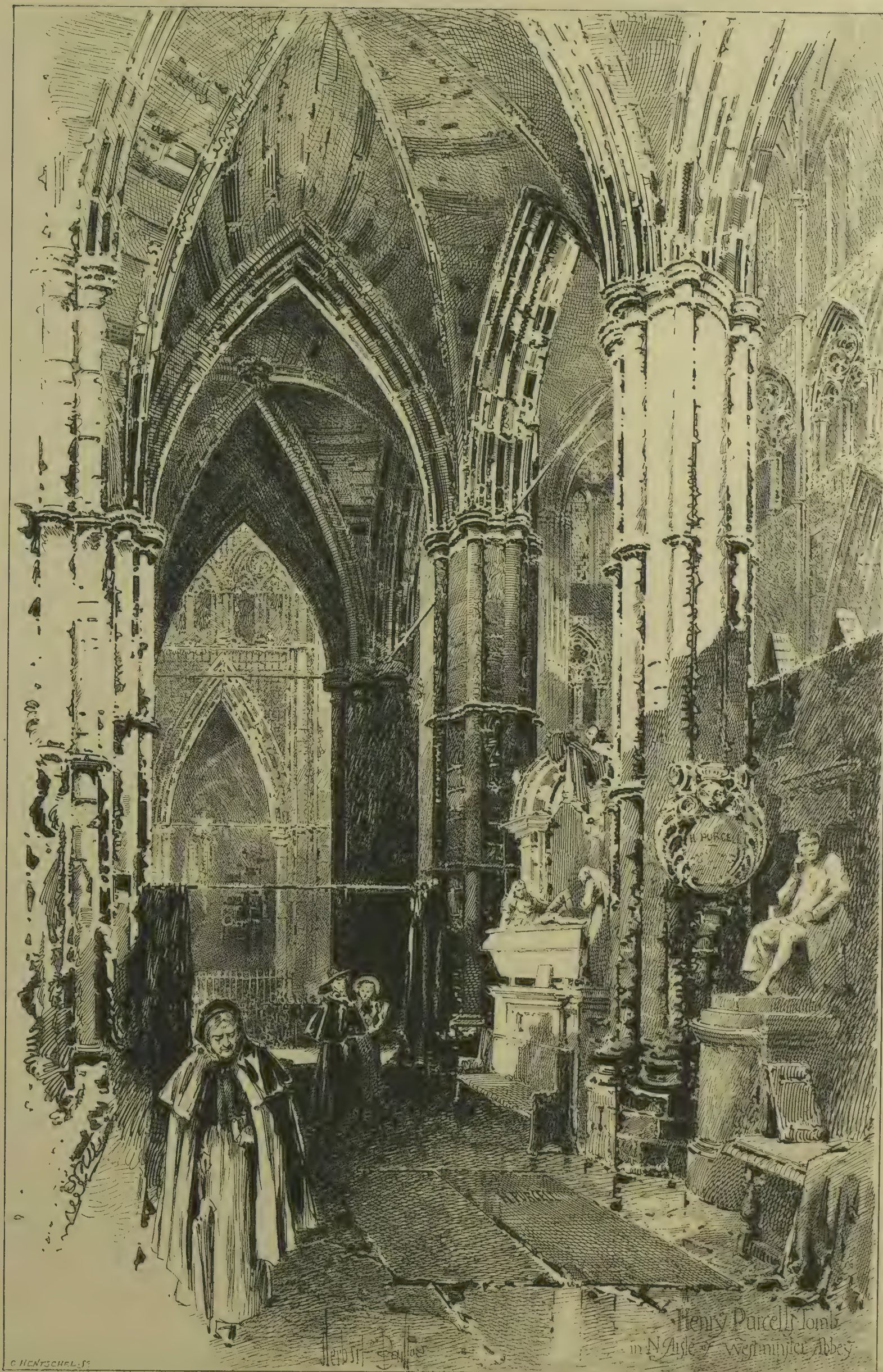
J. F. F.



THE HOUSE WHERE PURCELL LIVED IN BOWLING ALLEY, WESTMINSTER.

demand by the managers of theatres. The music to Shadwell's "Libertine," written at this time, is distinguished for its majesty and vigour. The curious thing about the "Libertine" is that the libretto for Mozart's opera "Don Giovanni" was founded on the same story.

As a boy, Purcell must have escaped to the theatre on every possible occasion. He was no doubt something of a wild youth, and he has been accused of being a roysterer



BI-CENTENARY OF HENRY PURCELL: THE TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Drawn by Herbert Railton.

THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN NUGGET

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.
SIXTH LETTER.

"WHITE FEATHER" GOLD-FIELD.

Another very rising and promising mining township within easy distance of Coolgardie, and which is connected with it by a coach service, is the Kanowna or "White Feather" Gold-field. We went over one afternoon from Hannan's, a distance of a little under twelve miles. The town, which is slightly older than its neighbour, struck me as being much better laid out and of a very thriving appearance: ground here on the town site is going off as rapidly as anywhere on the "fields," and prices rising every day. The hotels, of which there are several, appeared to be better constructed and cleaner than at most of the stations through which we had passed. After a very fair lunch at the Criterion (what memories the name evoked out in this far-away bush settlement!) we strolled out to the gold-fields, which are only a few hundred yards distant, where all the usual methods of getting at the precious metal were in operation or in active preparation. Of the several important claims being worked, naturally the one which attracted our attention was that which had gained for the field its popularity and for its lucky finder the usual Government grant as a recognition of his success—"The White Feather Reward Claim"—and through the courtesy of its manager, Captain Z. Smith, we were permitted to visit the workings. From the fact of its being the principal mine of the district, the buildings and machinery were apparently so far ahead of any of the others, in the way of readiness to commence, that it was well worth a visit. The plant, which was in course of erection, promised when finished to be

opinion as to how many ounces of gold there would be to the ton; he hinted, however, at something startling.

The underground workings, he went on to tell us, were being rapidly developed, so no time could be lost as soon as the engines started. We had meanwhile been rambling round the works, and had reached a shaft which stood on the top of a big mound of loose quartz. "Here is some of the stone I was just telling you about," he continued; "so you can judge for yourselves"—and there certainly was no difficulty about it, for the first piece we picked out of the heap was almost a "specimen," and so good a one as almost to surprise even the Captain himself. Yet here, as elsewhere, this valuable ore is left absolutely unwatched. It must indeed be a very honest country!

Talking of this honesty, it may be of interest to mention how this confidence is displayed not only at the mines, but everywhere. Tents or encampments are left for hours, and even days, in the bush without being touched, even when full of clothes, etc.—things which one would think were of use to some of the poor wretches round about. The summary justice I mentioned in my last letter is, indeed, a strong deterrent, the way it is carried out being as neat as it is effective. Immediately anyone is caught stealing, the "roll up" is sounded—that is to say, a tin pannikin is beaten vigorously drumwise, and on hearing this ominous sound all the miners in the camp hurry up to the place. The case is roughly explained to them; an impromptu court is immediately formed, a president elected, and then and there the culprit tried. If he is found guilty—and where he has been caught red-handed, there is, of course, no doubt about it—he is ordered to leave the camp within a given time—generally a few minutes only—and never return to it again under the risk of being tarred and feathered, or worse. It is extraordinary what wholesome fear there is of this "roll up" system—far more so in many cases than the police inspires.

Our next visit was to the underground workings, which to my mind always present the most interesting features of a mine. The cage was not yet in working order, so we had no choice but to go down by the ladders, which, the Captain told us, only reached some 160 ft., and were so easy that "a baby could walk down them." It would

have to be a very sturdy and old-fashioned sort of baby, I thought, for they turned out to be not quite so facile as he promised, and necessitated far more agility on my part than I had bargained for, although I was beginning to get used to mining-shafts by now. Some of the ladders were what is called "swinging," and to find oneself hanging on them over the dark abyss below produced anything but an agreeable sensation. "Mine-fever," as this dizziness is called when very acute, is not at all an uncommon thing, and occurs even among miners, while it is a very usual occurrence with new hands. The Captain told us of an incident which had happened not long before on those very ladders to an experienced engineer who was visiting the mine; he was suddenly seized with this giddiness while on the steepest ladder, and had he not had the presence of mind to hook his arms through the rungs he must have fallen off—as it was, he was only rescued with difficulty. The careless way which the miners get into of going up and down as though they could not fall is, no doubt, to a great extent the reason of many accidents that happen. There was a man in the hospital at Hannan's who had had the most miraculous escape from death I have ever heard of. While coming up the ladder of a deep shaft he missed his footing, (through his own carelessness, as he himself explained it), and fell a distance of ninety feet, getting off with merely a gash

in his thigh and two broken arms! A fall like this would have either killed or maimed for life most men. But *revenons à nos moutons*. We at length reached the 160 ft. level, and started on a tour of the "drives." Owing to the whitish colour of the quartz walls, the obscurity



HEAD GREAT MAIN SHAFT AT THE WHITE FEATHER REWARD CLAIM MINE.

was not nearly so great down here as in other mines we had visited, nor was the heat so noticeable. As a rule, a manager will endeavour, when paying a visit to a mine, to do so at night, as being a better time for seeing how the work is getting on, for when coming from darkness into what is so little better than darkness, the eyes are better prepared for the obscurity, the pupils being, as is well known, more dilated at night. Although, of course, at the low levels this obscurity is perpetual, from long familiarity with it the old miners actually declare that when on night-shift they are able to tell when the sun is rising by the way their candle burns. Apart from the characteristic colour of the quartz reef which was being cut through, and which showed here and there some splendid signs of "colour," there was nothing remarkably different in the workings of the White Feather Reward from those we had already seen. That the mine was being developed on scientific principles, and would return a handsome profit as soon as the machinery was ready, there could not be a shadow of a doubt, for I saw splendidly rich stone hewn out while looking on, and quite equal to any "specimens" we had been shown in the office above.

As we returned to the Captain's house, having accepted a genial invitation to remain and have a cup of tea, the conversation naturally reverted to what we had just been shown, and I was somewhat surprised to learn that for really experienced miners there would be always an opening in this part of the country for some time to come, at any rate; and that the brawny Cornishman was greatly in demand, the rate of wages being £3 10s. per week, and two gallons of water (not beer) per day; while mining blacksmiths and other skilled artisans could earn as much as four and five pounds per week. If, therefore, the small prospector or the "dry-blower" has no luck and gets hard up, his chances of getting regular work are nil, as unskilled odd-job men are not in demand on the fields.

With regard to the Illustrations, that entitled "The Power of the Press" speaks for itself. It is a curious sign of latter-day civilisation that in a new township the first thing started after the "saloon bar" is the local newspaper. In this case the paper is considerably "smarter" than the office it emanates from, and reflects much credit on its editor. This curious group of tents gives a good idea of the first "houses" of all new "towns" out here. The "corrugated-iron stage" comes later. The picture of the head great main shaft at the White Feather Reward Claim



A DRY-BLOWER AT HANNAN'S MINE.

as perfect a sample of mining engineering as one could wish to see. Still, it was here as everywhere else almost—the same old story—the difficulties of transport from the terminus of the railway had delayed all the heavy machinery en route, and this in spite of the exorbitant charges for freight extorted by the various firms of carriers—the boilers alone costing as much as £47 per ton, while the ordinary machinery was as high as £30. When one comes to consider the rate of wages, cost of building materials, etc., up here, it gives one just a slight idea of what it must involve in the way of capital before a mine can be even started on its career, let alone pay a dividend. We were shown over the fine engine-house, where the powerful set of engines were almost ready to commence working. These engines, I noticed, were from an Australian foundry—that of Martin and Co., of Gawler, near Adelaide, as was also the massive ten-head battery, which was nearly completed. The huge "poppet legs," as the timbering over the main shaft is called, are made from "salmon gum" wood, and are an immense weight and hard as iron, the usual difficulty of getting them into shape and position, in consequence, being very much increased. We were, of course, shown the "specimens," without which no visit to a mine would be complete, and were much interested in the valuable ore given us to examine. The reef running through the claim is totally different from anything we had seen at Hannan's Brown Hill, or the Boulder, where the gold is found in dark-coloured strata of schist and decomposed ironstone. Here white quartz is the carrying medium, if it can be so called, and very pretty indeed does the gold look against the white stone, though in this formation it is much coarser, and often shows in the form of isolated nuggets. The Captain told us he had many thousands of tons of ore ready for crushing, some of it showing such rich indications that he would not like to venture an



THE POWER OF THE PRESS AT HANNAN'S MINE.

gives one a good impression of the work in operation. The sketch of a dry-blower at Hannan's has a pathetic interest, for the poor fellow whom I have depicted was a sailor who came out here not two years ago. He is still hopeful, although he would be glad to give up the game of chance out here for even his old monotonous round of duties.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

A fortnight ago, when commenting on the want of wisdom displayed by those who practically prevented Dom Carlos' visit to Rome, I promised to say something at the first convenient opportunity about the affection that subsisted between Victor Emmanuel and Pius IX. That affection did not only spring from the thorough knowledge of these two men of one another's character, but from a deeply seated religious sentiment on the part of the King, from a liberal-minded view of the difficulties that beset the King's path on the Pope's side.

"Victor Emmanuel feels cramped and cabined at Court, even at his own," said Massimo d'Azeglio, the famous painter of the "Orlando Furioso," and son-in-law of the equally famous Manzoni, the author of "I Promessi Sposi." The conversation took place forty years ago during the visit of Victor Emmanuel to Napoleon III., and has been preserved to me in a note by a relative who was an interlocutor. "If he could have his way," d'Azeglio went on, "the question of a united Italy would be settled in one day without the aid of diplomacy or without the aid of armies. He would simply challenge every Sovereign

of it caused him much unhappiness. "I do not mind accompanying you as far as the gates of the Inferno," he often said, laughing, to Cavour; "but I warn you that I'll not go farther." To which the great statesman, laughing also, replied one day: "Your Majesty will surely go farther than that when we get to the gates of Rome." Thereupon the King grew silent and turned ghastly pale.

And Pius? Pius made no secret of his affection for Victor Emmanuel. He prayed for him, and within the twelvemonth before their deaths the Pope wrote him at least one very friendly letter. "Oh, that Cavour!" the Holy Father had exclaimed at the death of the statesman. "Oh, that Cavour! God will less easily forgive him than that *povero Vittorio Emanuele*, who, after all, does not know what people want of him."

The stay at the Quirinal proved fatal to Victor Emmanuel, as he had been foretold. One night in the early part of January 1878, having remained within Rome, he caught a chill while standing at the open window of the palace. The air was oppressive with the sirocco; the King, unable to sleep, got up in the thinnest of garments in order to breathe more freely. That was on Jan. 6-7; on the 9th he breathed his last.

During the next two days, Pius sent frequently for news of the dying monarch, and gave orders to administer the sacraments, at no matter what hour, provided the confessor had obtained from the dying man himself a non-equivocal recantation. To all the Pope's messages and envoys the same answer was returned—namely, that the King was in no immediate danger.

Did Victor Emmanuel die without the supreme consolation of his faith? It is difficult to say. Signor Crispi publicly affirmed that the King had received such consolation. On the other hand, the Vicar of Saint Vincent and Saint Anastasius, the parish adjacent to the Quirinal, maintained that he was compelled to refuse the Viaticum to Canon Anzino, the King's private chaplain, who had applied for it, but who was unable to state that the King had retracted.

Canon Anzino, nevertheless, insisted, and both went to the Cardinal-Vicar of Rome, who, seeing the urgency of the case, granted the administration of the sacraments on the condition that the chaplain should be able to declare that the King had verbally retracted. Canon Anzino made this declaration after the King's death; the Ministers in their turn declared that no such recantation had taken place. Here the matter rests. Personally, I should be inclined to



ARRIVAL OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL AT CHARING CROSS, NOVEMBER 6.

whom he considered an obstacle to the realisation of that wish to single combat except Pius, even if Pius were as young and vigorous as he—Victor Emmanuel—is."

"What would prevent him challenging Pius also?" This in answer to my relative's question. "Why, his deep-seated devotion as a Catholic, though few people credit him with it. It will be productive of curious results in the final attempts to create a united Italy, especially if Pius, who is aware of its existence, chooses to act upon it or leaves a will to that effect for his successor. No armies the Holy Father could gather for the defence of Rome would avail in the end; but I will tell you what would stop the King at once if he headed his own troops. The sight of the Sovereign Pontiff himself, in full pontificals, with the triple tiara on his head, the ring of St. Peter on his finger, and the cross in his outstretched hand."

It was La Marmora who headed the troops that took possession of Rome twenty-five years ago last September, so Pius could not have acted upon d'Azeglio's suggestion if he had wished; but Victor Emmanuel never felt comfortable at the Quirinal. He could not forget having been foretold that certain death awaited him there, and for several years he left Rome at nightfall by the Porta Pia for the villa of Rosina, Contessa di Mirafiori, hismorganatic wife.

His intense remorse did not date from the day of the spoliation of the Papacy; his apprehension at the prospect

The moment the Holy Father heard the news, he sent Mgr. Marinelli, Bishop of Porphyres, with full powers of annulling the censures and excommunications the monarch had incurred as the invader of Rome and the despoiler of the Church. It was said at the time—and I am repeating the statement under the greatest reserve—that the prelate was denied admission, and that on being told, Pius, the tears streaming down his cheeks, should have exclaimed, alluding to the King's *entourage*, "The misguided creatures, they wish to let him die without confession and the last rites of the Church. He is, nevertheless, the son of a saintly woman, and the father of another. Ah, if only Princess Clotilde were here! she would help me to save the soul of her father."

What is certain beyond the faintest doubt is the telegram sent by the Pope himself to the wife of Prince Napoleon. She started too late, and heard of the King's death *en route*. Thereupon she returned whence she came. She meant her absence from the Quirinal to be a protest against her father's *entourage*. Meanwhile, and here again I am trusting to the good faith of my informant, Mgr. Marinelli made a second attempt to see the dying sovereign, which proved as fruitless as the first. What Victor Emmanuel's Ministers evidently wished to prevent was a public recantation, which would have been rigorously imposed according to the decrees of the Holy Penitence. This is done to all persons who have directly or indirectly despoiled the Church.

believe the King's chaplain, inasmuch as the confessor who administered the last rites to Cavour without having obtained a public recantation was deprived of his ecclesiastical rights, and that no priest aware of this would incur such a risk. In reality this is not the question as far as I am concerned. I wished to prove the affection subsisting between Victor Emmanuel and the Pope.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL'S ARRIVAL.

Our royal guest, King Carlos, had the good fortune to reach London amid bright sunshine on Wednesday morning, Nov. 6. After a stormy passage on the night previously, the change in the weather must have been particularly grateful to the King of Portugal. A rapid railway journey brought him up to Charing Cross Station by ten o'clock. Outside the station and along the route to Buckingham Palace hundreds of interested spectators stood waiting for a glimpse of the royal visitor. The glittering uniforms of the Life Guards on their fine horses heralded the procession, at the end of which came an open royal carriage, with the King of Portugal and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. On all hands there were respectful greetings as they rode to Buckingham Palace, where the central gate was thrown open in special honour of the occasion. Later in the day the King departed for Sandringham on a brief visit to the Prince of Wales, having previously received a formal call from the Marquis of Salisbury at Buckingham Palace.

Duke of York. Duke of Cambridge. Prince of Wales. Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Prince Christian. Duke of Teck.



FAREWELL BANQUET TO THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, BY MEMBERS OF THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB, AT THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, ON NOV. 11: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE CHAIR.

THE PRINCE OF WALES: "I give you His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge."

LITERATURE.

NAPOLEON'S LAST FIGHT.

Waterloo. A Narrative and a Criticism. By E. L. S. Horsburgh. (Methuen.)—Mr. Horsburgh's volume has a merit which alone would give it a high place among military studies. It is absolutely lucid. Most books on such matters are unintelligible to the general reader. Strategists who have set squadrons in the field are rarely able to present the operation to the mind's eye with perfect clearness on paper. We have read endless descriptions of battles in despair of ever understanding how victory or defeat came about. Now, Mr. Horsburgh shows how Waterloo came about, from the inception of the campaign to the last charge of the Imperial Guard, with a luminous accuracy that leaves nothing obscure. He sheds on the vexed question of Grouchy's share in the Napoleonic catastrophe such a flood of light that we really wonder at all the controversial pother of eighty years. He shows exactly what Wellington owed to the Prussians, and exactly what Napoleon owed to the neglect of his explicit orders at a moment when the perfect execution of those orders would have given him a complete triumph. We cannot say that the book is entirely satisfactory reading for people who have made up their minds that Wellington was a greater military genius than the Emperor, and that the British troops won Waterloo without the aid of Blücher. Mr. Horsburgh is, before all things, an impartial student. He is severe on the blunders of Napoleon, but he points out that before those blunders began the Emperor would have had the game in his hands, had his Marshals been equal to their responsibilities. The blame of the failure lies much more heavily on Ney than upon Grouchy. Mr. Horsburgh's theory is that the campaign ought to have ended two days before Waterloo with the total overthrow both of Wellington and Blücher. This was Napoleon's original design, a most brilliant piece of military strategy, quite worthy of his best days. It was ruined by the dilatoriness of Ney. Ordered to concentrate all the force under his command for the attack on Quatre Bras, Ney so far neglected this injunction that when he did attack, d'Erlon's corps of twenty thousand men had not come up. Wellington, who had no suspicion of the movement in front of him, hurried up his troops in detachments. Now, had Ney fallen on them with his entire force, he would certainly have overwhelmed the British commander, and co-operated with Napoleon in completely defeating the Prussians at Ligny. The two battles were going on simultaneously; and between them marched and countermarched d'Erlon's twenty thousand men, who took no part in either! With the failure of the great plan of June 16, says Mr. Horsburgh, Napoleon's star began to wane. The French missed their chance at Quatre Bras, and the Prussians were only partially beaten at Ligny. Napoleon assumed that Blücher had made for his base at Namur, and Grouchy was dispatched with thirty-three thousand men in pursuit next day on the wrong road. This mistake cost the Emperor dear. Had he kept Grouchy he must have won Waterloo with those additional troops. Even as it was, Mr. Horsburgh believes that had the French begun the battle of the 18th some hours earlier, they might have worn out Wellington's resistance before the arrival of the Prussians. People who think the Prussians had nothing to do with the result forget that the first division of Blücher's army arrived before two o'clock in the afternoon, and that Napoleon had to detach a large force under Lobau to meet the unexpected foe. When the Imperial Guard made the last charge, they were only eight battalions strong instead of twenty-four. These facts show what vital service the Prussians rendered Wellington, who, indeed, accepted battle in the full belief that they would join him in time. As for Grouchy, he obeyed the letter of his original instructions. Had he marched towards Waterloo on the 18th, as some of his officers advised, when they heard the cannonade, he might have reached the field in time to neutralise the Prussian reinforcement of Wellington. These might-have-beens are rather idle speculation; but the great merit of Mr. Horsburgh's book is that it makes the real causes of Napoleon's overthrow clearer than they have ever been in the vast mass of literature that overlies them.

LIFE AT AN ANGLO-INDIAN STATION.

The Old Missionary. By Sir William W. Hunter, K.C.S.I. (Henry Frowde.)—A delightful Indian sketch, and of a kind hitherto unattempted by Sir W. W. Hunter, much though he has contributed to Anglo-Indian biography and to a general knowledge of India. Until now he has dealt with reality in the past or the present; but here fiction is evidently blended with only the semblance of truth, and the opusculum might be regarded as an addition to the fast-accumulating mass of "Short Stories." Sir W. W. Hunter does not tell us whether he has ever known the original of the Old Missionary whom he portrays so lovingly. In any case, the figure is strikingly interesting and touching. A cadet of a fallen Scottish house, after having fought under Nelson at Trafalgar, he resolves on becoming a missionary to the heathen. Unconnected with any missionary society, but remaining a Scottish Episcopalian, he settles in a rude domicile made by his own hands, and serving for chapel as well as home, in a forest glade bordering on the hill-country of Bengal. At the opening of the story he is seen seated under a banyan-tree adjudicating on the disputes of the wild hill-men of the district, who, converts and non-Christians alike, have learned to venerate him, to look up to him as a judge, and to abide by his decisions. While he is listening to the litigants his motherless little daughter by an English wife is explaining a picture-book to a group of brown children. Nothing of the kind was ever written more telling than the description of the Old Missionary and of the influence which he had acquired over the half-savages of the hills by his combination of saintliness and secular wisdom. In the background are his occasional friendly visitors—the English magistrate, the judge, and the doctor of the district. Life

at an Anglo-Indian station, where a few Englishmen are in charge of millions of dusky natives, is brought close to us by one who knows, as few know, India, its races, and its rulers. The details of the story, with its pathetic close, the reader must learn for himself. All who read the booklet, a revised reprint from the *Contemporary Review*, will wish for more Indian sketches from the same pen.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF A.L.O.E.

A Lady of England. The Life and Letters of Charlotte Maria Tucker. By Agnes Giberne. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—An Indian missionary of another sex and school from those of him sketched by Sir W. W. Hunter was Miss Charlotte Maria Tucker, known to many juveniles of the last generation as the A.L.O.E. (i.e., A Lady of England) who wrote a number of very proper books for young people. She was the daughter of Mr. Henry St. John Tucker, a retired Bengal civilian, who was at one time Chairman of the East India Company, and all of whose six sons went to India. Miss Tucker had from an early age strong religious impressions, but her parents checked her aspirations towards mission-work in London. However, at the ripe age of fifty-four, being in every way independent, she sailed, to the astonishment of her friends, for India, in connection with a Zenana Mission. She settled at Battala, a town in the Punjab, which teemed with fanatical Mohammedans, and in which there were no European residents. Her special work consisted chiefly in paying visits to zenanas, and endeavouring to establish friendly relations with their inmates, and to familiarise them with Christian doctrine. The details of her life in India during fifteen years until she died there are given in copious extracts from her letters, and these afford curious glimpses of Hindu and Mohammedan home life. The direct results of her efforts were not considerable, but she was never unhappy, being of a cheerful and hopeful disposition, and so great a lover of literature that to educated Hindus who declined to read the Bible she recommended the perusal of Shakspeare.

AN ACADEMIC HISTORY.

A History of the University of Aberdeen. By John Malcolm Bulloch, M.A. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—The antagonism that exists between the University spirit and the spirit of the busy world tends to make the academic in literature unpalatable to all but the initiated, and in the case of University histories, even the initiated are too apt to prove slack readers. But in his "History of the University of Aberdeen," Mr. J. Malcolm Bulloch has produced a work that will interest not only past and present students of his "Alma Mater," but every reader who is attracted by the question of national education, more particularly in its historical aspects. In telling his story, the writer has never lost sight of the fact that a University, to perform its mission, must expand with the growing needs of the community to which it has to minister. When it becomes concentrated upon itself and worships effete institutions as a fetish, ignoring the advance of the times, inevitable dry rot sets in. And so, in academic literature, when the world of action is lost sight of, not only the general, but very often the academic reader is prone to cry "Dry rot!" Mr. Bulloch, however, has made it essential to his scheme that he shall deal with the University strictly in its relation to the outside world, more especially, of course, that part of the world to which Aberdeen University has been for four centuries a centre of light and leading, with the result that his book has become not a mere college chronicle, but an interesting study in the development of education in Northern Scotland. The rise and progress of King's and Marischal Colleges (originally two separate Universities), their struggles with each other, with parties ecclesiastical and parties political, are dealt with in a vigorous and racy style. In manipulating a mass of documentary evidence the historian has had a keen eye for the quaint and the humorous (is he not the author of "College Carols"?), and his tit-bits from old records are properly subordinated, and are introduced merely as side-lights on the older life of the University, with sometimes a sly modern application that is very refreshing. Against "learned lumber" of every kind Mr. Bulloch has waged consistent war; and this is perhaps one great reason why his four centuries in two hundred pages go by so pleasantly for the reader.

STORIES OF THE MALAYS.

Malay Sketches. By Frank Athelstane Swettenham. (John Lane.)—Colour and passion, the dominant notes of life and its surroundings in the tropics, are not lacking in Mr. Frank Swettenham's "Malay Sketches." Here, in addition to striking and often brilliant pictures of scenery and customs in the Malay Peninsula, we have the Malay portrayed as he really is—his loves and hates, his sports and pastimes, his superstitions and philosophy, his lazy round of lotus-eating days. Anything which tends to modify the ordinary English notion of the Malay—that he is a man who spends his time in running amuck when not busy with plunder and piracy—is worthy of welcome; and after reading this book one feels that old Thomas Fuller's quaint description of the Prince of Ternate as "a true gentleman pagan" might be applied equally well to the average Malay. There have been a few books written about Malaya before this, but none from the same standpoint as that of the one under review; and no former author in this field can claim in the same degree to speak as one having authority. Mr. Swettenham has spent the greater part of his life among the Malays, and now holds, we understand, the post of British Resident in Perak. Clearly, no man could be better equipped for the task of giving us an insight into the ways and habits of a peculiar people. Add to this the author's palpable sympathy with the Malay race and his gift of telling a story in sparkling English, and we have all the ingredients that go to make an entertaining book. Mr. Swettenham has a keen eye for the pathos as well as

the humour of life, and in his enthusiasm for the beauties of tropical nature he brings us very close to "the glory of the Eastern morning, the freshness and the fragrance of the forest, the sultry heat of those plains of eternal green on which the moisture-charged clouds unceasingly pour fatness." To the reviewer, wearied with the "impressions" and "travels" of the common or annual globe-trotter, these records of Eastern work and experience come as a refreshing tonic. It is to be hoped that Mr. Swettenham will not confine himself to a single volume, but out of the fullness of his knowledge will give us a further instalment of picturesque "Malay Sketches."

A LITERARY LETTER.

The new shilling edition of Tennyson which Messrs. Macmillan have just published, although very excellent in many ways, would not have given entire pleasure to the late Poet Laureate. I have seen a letter to Moxon in which Lord Tennyson begs for a "plain, honest, green binding," and "above all no gilt." This new edition, by the way, will require thirty-three volumes to complete it upon the present basis.

Messrs. Routledge and Sons are bringing out new editions of Dumas' novels and the romances of Victor Hugo. "The Three Musketeers," in two volumes, and "Notre Dame," in two volumes, are alike admirably printed and admirably bound. So many of our modern novelists are finding their chief successes in historical romance that it is well to be reminded by successive editions of Dumas that he was the parent of them all.

Considerable annoyance has been caused among members of the Browning Society by the severe criticism of Dr. Berdoo's volume which Mr. William Archer contributed to the *Daily Chronicle*.

Mr. Hugh Thompson, who commenced to illustrate Jane Austen's novels for Mr. George Allen with "Pride and Prejudice," will continue the series under the imprint of the Macmillans. Another volume of Jane Austen and the illustrations to a volume of Mr. Austin Dobson's poems will form Mr. Thompson's contribution to the Christmas books.

There is good news for the subscribers to the Edinburgh edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's works. The twenty volumes are to be increased to twenty-eight, and in the later volumes there will be much new material, principally "Juvenilia," which will only be published in this one form. There is therefore no danger of the Edinburgh edition going the way of large-paper editions of Dickens, Thackeray, and Browning, and ultimately coming down in price.

The manuscript of "Trilby" is now on view in a glass case at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in Bond Street. It is written in a bold schoolboy hand, and mainly in copy-books. One imagines that its ultimate destination is the library of some American millionaire.

Messrs. Dent and Co. may be congratulated upon their charming edition of the "Lyrical Poems of Sir Philip Sidney." A prettier book it would be hard to find anywhere. Mr. Ernest Rhys contributes an interesting and adequate introduction.

Mr. Augustine Birrell writes to the *Daily Chronicle* to remonstrate as to the suggestion that George Eliot's writings are losing their hold upon the present generation. Absolute proof is to be found only in the account-books of the Messrs. Blackwood, and it may be that the new half-crown edition of George Eliot, which is now being issued in so satisfactory a form, sells as well as the issue in red cloth, which we saw so much of a few years ago. But from a bibliophile's standpoint—and that standpoint ought to have some weight with Mr. Birrell—the author of "Obiter Dicta" is entirely wrong. He alludes to the value of a first edition of "Silas Marner"; but even "Silas Marner"—the scarcest of all the novels—has been known of late to sell for £8, whereas it formerly fetched £15. And then the value of actual letters has materially decreased. Time was when a very short letter would fetch £10 or £12; now it is hard to get £5 for a long one. C. K. S.

Ready Nov. 25.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The question whether or not insanity is on the increase among us, is one which is very commonly answered in the affirmative. People who possess no special qualifications for the discussion of this grave and intricate question are often found to reply to the query in an off-hand fashion, on the strength of a belief in statistics which seem to suggest, first-hand, that of late years brain-lapses have been exemplified in an increasing ratio among us. Of course, one may fall back on the hackneyed saying that "you can make figures prove anything"; but it seems to me that this idea is founded on the supposition that you must "fake your figures," to use the expressive slang, and that you take out of your statistics exactly the support you desire, and no more. Figures remain constant enough, presuming they have been correctly attained in the first instance. It is the personal equation of the man who appeals to and uses them, which is the prevailing factor, making them tell true or false, as the case may be.

There is yet another explanation of this fallacy in the matter of figures. Assuming that a series of statistics seems to prove that insanity is on the increase, and that such statistics support the prevalent idea that the break-neck pace we live at in these latter days is an increasing cause of brain disease, a further question has still to be debated. This further phase of things holds that the increase, if real, may be explained otherwise than by supposing that insanity is more widely represented to-day than, say, a quarter of a century gone by. It is with insanity as with cancer. People are often heard to lament the apparent increase of the latter malady. They will tell you it appears much more frequently than before in the Registrar-General's returns, and that you hear far more frequently than of yore of deaths attributed to this cause. Now, this cancer increase is also a very debatable matter. For there are reliable grounds for the belief that the greater number of cases recorded is due not to any actual increase in the disease itself, but to the more careful recognition of it, and to the more accurate certification of it by medical men.

Now, that there are causes or conditions of an analogous kind operating to produce the impression that insanity is on the increase is, I think, provable. The other day I enjoyed a long conversation with my friend Dr. John Sibbald, one of the Commissioners in Lunacy for Scotland. He presented me with a copy of a supplement to the thirty-sixth annual report of the General Board of Commissioners in Lunacy for North Britain, a supplement called for by Sir G. O. Trevelyan in reply to an inquiry regarding the "alleged increasing prevalence of insanity in Scotland." I may remark, parenthetically, that the conclusions arrived at with regard to the alleged increase north of the Tweed will be found to hold good, I believe, for insanity south of the Tweed, and for Ireland as well, although I do not allege that the statistics quoted by other than Scottish experts may fully bear out this assumption. All I would suggest is that it is probable what has been so carefully worked out by the Scottish Lunacy Board will be found to possess applications to the condition of affairs elsewhere.

It is cheering to observe that the Scottish Board has always expressed the opinion that the increase in the number of registered lunatics "did not prove an increased liability in the community to mental disease, but might be accounted for by a process of accumulation of patients, arising from a variety of causes." This sentence contains the gist of the whole matter. Not actual increase of insanity, but increase of knowledge of lunacy and its causes, and increase in the cases which come under treatment, supervision, and, happily, also under conditions of cure. Long ago, Dr. Sibbald tells us, there was a marked disposition to conceal cases of insanity, and this feeling, he adds, was stronger among the poor than among the rich. Here, alone, is a condition which, by thorough modification and by the disappearance of objections to asylum treatment, must have largely increased the number of insane patients, and sent up the statistics enormously.

The increase in the number of registered lunatics, it is shown, is due to the greater number of pauper insane provided for in establishments. Cases formerly left outside treatment altogether, or outside bare recognition altogether, are now classified and supervised. The Lunacy Act of 1857 brought in shoals of already insane people under official supervision, and this great increase was chiefly represented by cases of pauper kind, up to 1874. The increase, moreover, occurred in districts in Scotland where very inadequate provision had previously been made for the reception and treatment of such lunatics; and there is no doubt that the operation of the Government grant (first given in 1875), defraying about one-half the cost of maintaining pauper lunatics out of national funds, as Dr. Sibbald puts it, gave a stimulus to the increase in the numbers both in establishments and in private dwellings. Moreover, asylums have also been subjected to a process of evolution. They now represent establishments which are well adapted for the treatment of many cases of lunacy not previously regarded as suitable for reception therein. Another important point analogous to the solution of the increase of the cancer question is that a better knowledge of insanity, both on the part of the medical profession and the public, has resulted in the supervision and registration of many insane persons who formerly were regarded, I presume, as mere "eccentrics," and as such were lamentably left to exist without any treatment at all.

There is yet another point of importance in Dr. Sibbald's conclusions—namely, that the number of persons admitted into asylums as private patients has not increased. This fact, taken along with the increase of pauper lunatics now treated in asylums, is a very telling one, I think, when the whole question of lunacy increase falls to be considered. The very class of people who are believed to live at break-neck speed, not our paupers, but our middle-class toilers and moilers, do not show the increase alleged to be representative of all classes. For all of which facts, we should, I think, be more than thankful.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

JOHN GOLDSMITH (Lee-on-Solent).—Black's reply is a clever one. The Bishop goes to Q R 4th, and when White would mate by R to Q Kt sq the Bishop interposes.

SORRENTO, ALICE H. AND OTHERS.—In your proposed solution of No. 2691, after 2. P to Kt 4th (ch), what reply is there to P takes P en passant?

DR. F ST (Camberwell).—There is no move on the board B to Q B 4th (ch) for White. If you mean P to Kt 4th, see answer above.

RUBAN.—On the contrary, it is easily solved in the stated number of moves.

R F NUTFORD.—Thanks for problem; it shall receive attention.

W KAY (South Kensington).—Colonel Tillard, of 14, Prince's Square, W, is endeavouring to form a good club in Kensington and Notting Hill. Perhaps you had better communicate with him.

F L (Lymington).—The position is too elementary for our use.

H DOBELL.—As regards No. 2691, see answer to Sorrento. Problem to hand with thanks.

W P HIND, A C CHALLENGER, E ST JOHN CRANE, H B RUSE, T J ANDREWS, and J DIXON are thanked for their problems, which shall receive attention.

FALKNER.—Q takes P will not solve No. 2688. The answer is, B takes Q, and subsequently interposes when Rook checks. Neither will Kt to Q 3rd solve No. 2692, so your criticism is not well founded.

BANARSI DAS (Moradabad).—Solution of No. 2681 is correct. Your problem shall be examined.

F PROCTOR.—In your last contribution if P takes R no mate follows.

W S FENELLOSA (Salem, Mass.).—Excellent, and marked for early publication.

O H BATE (Malmesbury).—The position is interesting, and we should like another week's examination before giving decision.

REGINALD KELLY.—Correct. It shall appear in due course.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2676 to 2678 received from E C Uthoff (Queensland); of No. 2688 from D J Greentree (Hamilton, Ont.); of No. 2689 from Evans (Port Hope, Ont.), Frederick R Estes (Boston, U.S.A.); of No. 2690 from Emile Frau (Lyons) and W H Lunn (Cheltenham); of No. 2691 from H S Brandreth, Emile Frau (Lyons), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), R Worters (Canterbury) Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), F W C (Edgbaston), J Bailey (Newark), and J Whittingham (Welshpool).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2692 received from E F (Hoxton), H Rodney, H T Atterbury, W P Hind, H S Brandreth, H E Lee (Ipswich), Ubique, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Hubert Dobell (Whittington), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), F Leete (Sudbury), F Anderson, C E Perugini, M Walker (Luton), Sorrento, Shadforth, J E Churchill (Birmingham), M Burke, T Shakespear (Bournemouth), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Dr F St, J D Tucker (Leeds), B J Batten (Brighton), R H Brooks, L Desanges, T Roberts, and W R Raillem.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2691.—By S. P. FAVRI.

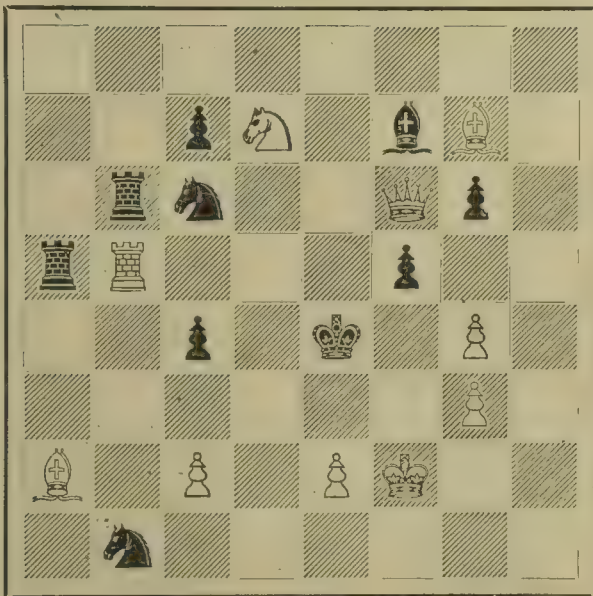
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 5th K to B 4th
2. B to Kt 4th (ch) K moves
3. Q or R mates.

If Black play 1. K to Q 6th, then 2. B to K 3rd, etc.

PROBLEM No. 2694.

By CHARLES E. NOLTENIUS (New York).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Second game played in the match at the Manhattan Chess Club, between Messrs. LIPSHUTZ and SHAWALTER.

(Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	23. B takes Kt	P takes B
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	Forced. B takes R is answered by Q to Kt 5th, threatening mate, and appears to win.	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	24. Kt to R 5th	Q to K 3rd
4. B to K Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	25. Kt takes P (ch)	K to B sq
5. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	26. Q takes Q	P takes Q
6. P to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	27. R to B 2nd	P takes P
7. R to B sq	B to Kt 2nd	28. R takes R	R takes R
8. P takes P		29. P takes P	K to Kt 2nd
It is often better to allow Black to exchange Pawns if he will.		30. Kt to R 5th (ch)	K to B 2nd
8. P takes P	P to B 4th	31. P to R 3rd	K to K 2nd
9. B to Q 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	32. Kt to B 4th	R to B 7th
10. Castles		33. R to R sq	B to Q 3rd
11. P takes P		34. Kt to Q 3rd	B to B sq
In this and similar situations White often gets an excellent game by an early advance of Kt to K 5th, followed, if convenient, by P to K B 4th.		35. P to Q Kt 4th	P to K 4th
11. P takes P	P takes P	36. Kt (at R 4) to B 5	B to Kt sq
12. Q to K 2nd	R to K sq	It is now a fight against a Pawn. Black's position is, however, inferior, otherwise the Knights could scarcely win. The weak R P is a main source of anxiety.	
13. K R to Q sq	Q to Kt 3rd	37. P to Kt 4th	P to K 5th
14. B to Kt 5th	K R to Q sq	38. Kt to B 4th	K to Q 3rd
15. Kt to Q R 4th	Q to Q R 4th	Fatal; R to Q 7th or P to Q 5th would, however, only prolong the contest. This game, as well as the first won by Mr. Lipschutz, is full of interest.	
16. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q R to B sq	39. R to Q sq	R to B 5th
It is necessary to defend the Pawn in view of the exchange of Knights, which White contemplated.		40. Kt takes P	K to K 4th
17. B takes Q Kt	R takes B	41. Kt to K 7th	B to K 3rd
18. Kt to K 5th	R (at Q 2) to Q sq	42. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to B 3rd
19. Q to B 3rd	Q to Kt 4th	43. Kt takes K B	R takes P
20. Q to B 5th	Q to K sq	44. Kt to B 6th	R to B 5th
21. Kt to Q 3rd	P to B 5th	45. P to Kt 5th (ch)	K to B 4th
22. Kt to B 4th	B to R 6th	46. P to Q 4th (ch)	White wins.

The Marquis of Londonderry has presided for the first time as Chairman of the London School Board, making an excellent impression by a modest and amiable speech. It must be rather a change from holding the office of Irish Viceroy to controlling the mixed elements of the metropolitan School Board, but tact, which is Lord Londonderry's valuable possession, will stand him in good stead in the latter position as in the former. One can only hope that we shall be spared a revival of the "religious question" under the new chairmanship.

ART NOTES.

In certain circles of New York and Boston Society the mere mention of "Trilby" is now severely repressed. In this country readers did not take "Trilby" mania in quite such an acute form as our Transatlantic cousins, but possibly, being somewhat more slowly moved, we shall feel the force of the "boom" later on. At any rate, the stage and the picture galleries are doing their best to hasten its development. The Fine Art Society has been lucky enough to secure the original pencil drawings from which Mr. Du Maurier made the pen-and-ink sketches from which the illustrations for his novel were made. The sketches, which are identical with the illustrations, are in the United States; the pencil drawings are, for the present at least, in Bond Street. So that the two nations for which "Trilby" was written may claim equal honours.

The illustrations are so well known, and Mr. Du Maurier's skill as a draughtsman is so generally recognised, that it is scarcely necessary to refer individually to the sketches. Of more interest is the question, raised a second time in the present half-century, whether an artist should illustrate his own works. It is very doubtful whether we have a clearer idea of Becky Sharp, of George Osborn, or of Major Dobbin from Thackeray's translation of his ideas than we should have had if left to our own or another's imagination to realise the author's descriptions. With Mr. Du Maurier the case is very different, for with all respect to his talents as a writer, it is as an artist that he will live. Svengali, Gecko, Little Billee, and Trilby herself will hold their place for a while in public favour; but Mr. Du Maurier will be remembered much longer as the best illustrator of the manners and customs of the "upper middle class" in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Those who go carefully through these interesting pencil studies will not only get a glimpse of the group in which Mr. Du Maurier passed his student days in Paris (the majority of them still happily alive and prosperous), but they will also learn by what careful workmanship and fastidious taste the artist reaches that high degree of excellence which is the mark of all his work. The collection is most interesting, and most level throughout.

In the adjoining room to that occupied by Mr. Du Maurier's drawings, Mr. E. A. Abbey is exhibiting a collection of pastels, which would seem intended to suggest the various kinds of work to which pastels are not suited. He tries by turns delicate harmonies and violent contrasts, but in neither does he seem to have aimed at, or, at least, to have attained, that delicate blending of tones in which the French school of pastellists excelled. Possibly Mr. Abbey had a higher ambition, and desires to carry this special branch of art a step further. With this view he has selected a variety of characters—principally from Sheridan's "Rivals"—and endeavours to express by their attitudes and features the characteristics of the leading personages in a few touches of colour. It is a new phase of impressionism, and honestly we cannot think that even M. Blanche would recognise that Mr. Abbey has realised the limitations of impressionism or of pastel work. The series of Queens—French, Roman, and Irish, not to mention the Queen in "Hamlet"—strikes the eye by the gorgeousness of the colouring, but can scarcely be said to arrest the attention by either the dignity or the beauty of the figures. In like manner the "Lady in Red," the "Lady in Yellow," the "Blue Veil," the "Violet Cloak," the "Pink Gown," and the "Red Hat" are doubtless eminently vivid portraiture, or renderings of passing effects which may be of eminent value to Mr. Abbey in his more studied work, but on the walls here they have a strangely discordant effect, and suggest effort rather than study. Mr. Abbey has done so much excellent work which appeals to gentle and simple alike, that one cannot but regret that these studies—for they are with few exceptions little more than studies—were not kept in his studio instead of being launched pell-mell into a picture gallery to challenge public opinion and to provoke unnecessary criticism.

Modern Dutch water-colours are held in such high esteem in their "country of origin" that it is seldom that anything like a representative exhibition of modern Dutch art is to be met with outside the Seven Provinces. The collection at the Goupil Gallery (Regent Street) does not aim at being in any sense exhaustive, and by some may be thought to reflect too much the leanings of one particular school, and in its sixty specimens to contain too many repetitions of a work with which we are already familiar. At the same time, the total absence of Israels, Mauve, Maris, and Bosboom would have been a lamentable mistake, and they are here admirably represented. The chief interest, however, will be in the works of those water-colourists with whom we are less well acquainted in this country. The pastorals of Vrolyk, Stortenbeker, and Poggenbeck belong to a school which is already popular with us through the works of their forerunners. Offermans' "Marchand d'Antiquités" scarcely deserves the place of distinction assigned to it, for the man's face is wanting in character, and the Persian plate, beautifully painted, is disproportionate to the surroundings. De Josseline de Jong's "At the Circus" is quite as clever a bit of modern work inspired by such scenes as has been exhibited in any gallery; but E. Koning's more advanced impressionism, as shown in the group of figures "On the Terrace" or in the children in the Parc Monceau, are pictures which will commend themselves only to neophytes of the "higher criticism." Both painters, however, fully deserve to be represented in such a collection in order to show how Franco-Dutch art leans. Israels' "Souvenir of Tangiers" is a curiously colourless antithesis to Mr. Frank Brangwyn's impressions of the same place; and M. Tholen is obviously desirous to show that there still exist followers of the old Dutch school who find pleasure in rendering with despairing accuracy "New Buildings" or the most modern and prosaic street of Scheveningen.

The little study of "Ayr from Troon" referred to in the notice of the Institute of Painters in Oils is, we are requested to state, by Miss Kate Colls, not Cole.

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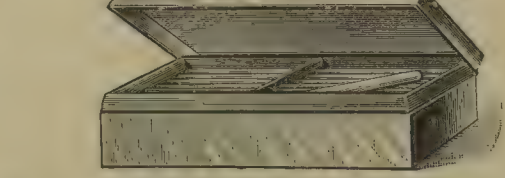
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THE MASSACRES AT TREBIZOND.

The particular phase which the Eastern Question has assumed has been brought about chiefly by the demand made at Berlin in 1878 for such improvement in the Turkish administration in Asia Minor as would ameliorate the deplorable sufferings of the Armenian subjects of the Sultan. In the sixty-first article of the Treaty agreed upon his Majesty bound himself to introduce such governmental reforms as would secure this object; but for reasons which it is not necessary for us to enter upon here he failed to keep his imperial word. The consequences that followed were that the evils complained of, and at last proved, culminated in the terrible massacre at Sassoun, which roused the conscience of civilised humanity and led to the joint interference of the Governments of France, Russia, and England.

We knew much about this region in a general historical kind of way. For example, we had found it mentioned in the historical books of the Old Testament, where, in the text, it was called "the land of Armenia," and on the margin that of Ararat. Ezekiel referred to it, and in his day it traded with Tyre "with horses and horsemen and mules."

The whole region from the Bosphorus to Mount Ararat, and from Mesopotamia to the Kûr, was the battlefield of the world for centuries when Persia, Rome, and Greece fought for supremacy. It has once again come to the front in a condition which seems traditional to it. Its industry has been killed and its enterprise blighted by



TREBIZOND: LOOKING WEST, WITH FORT BARRACKS.



TREBIZOND: LOOKING EAST.

exactions and insecurity, and the lives of its people have become the prey of tribal, creed, or race prejudices.

Of the outrages against public order those at Trebizond appear to have been the most serious. The general massacre occurred on Oct. 7; but on Sept. 20 it appears that the Armenians fired at Bahri Pasha, then at Trebizond, on his way to Constantinople, and at the Commandant of the four hundred troops there. The former was wounded. Two days later some Armenians wounded a soldier in the street. Disturbances then broke out, which were subdued by the prompt action of the Vali Kadri Bey. A number of Armenians attacked a group of Mussulmans on Oct. 7, when fresh disturbances broke out in the Mudani-Charki—an oblong open space of considerable size, occupied by open-air cafés at one end and at the other frequented by the peasants as a market for the sale of their produce. It is at certain hours of the day a very busy place, and a street in which there are many shops and business places, and which leads to the bazaars, opens into it.

The police and gendarmerie interfered in this riot, but the Armenians refused to disperse, though strongly advised to do so by the officers. Matters becoming serious, the mob was fired upon, and a number of men killed on both sides, forty of whom were Moslems and nearly two hundred Armenians, including a few women. Then followed the onslaught upon Armenians, looting of their shops and other outrages, leading to the cold-blooded murder of from four to six hundred, for no certain estimate of the killed

has yet reached us. For two days, one informant has told us, the dead bodies lay unburied in the streets, which were, according to his account, stained with the blood of these victims.

Trebizond, like Erzeroum and Sassoun, has been associated with the revolutionary action of certain Armenians, who agitated because they expected the Powers would, in accordance with the sixty-first article in the Berlin Treaty, take such action as would eventually lead to the resuscitation of the ancient kingdom of Armenia.

It is to be hoped that Viscount Wolseley will be spared the multiplicity of engagements outside his duties at the War Office which already threaten him. He spoke at the Clothworkers' Company dinner, lunched with the Nottingham Corporation, and attended two other public functions within the space of a week. From the nature of Lord Wolseley's delicate position, it would surely be advisable to refrain from tempting him to public utterances which can only be remarkable for what they omit.

The Edinburgh Philosophical Association has been fortunate in obtaining the services of several eminent men in past years to open its winter session. Mr. Bayard, the United States Ambassador, was worthy to follow in succession to these orators, and his address on "Individual Freedom—the Germ of National Progress and Permanence," was admirably adapted to the interesting occasion. Mr. Bayard is a philosopher who has had the advantage of contrasting theory with practice, and the plea for liberty which he urged came all the more impressively from one hailing from America and holding so important a position as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.



TREBIZOND: HARBOUR AND CASTLE FROM HEIGHT ABOVE DEMENDERA ROAD.

THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad—by abroad, I beg you to observe, I mean merely down Bond Street, Regent Street, and Piccadilly, I am struck by the undoubted fact that the generality of women dress



CHINE SILK TEA-JACKET.

extremely badly. At the moment the most prominent defect in the universal elegance of their appearance is the cloth jacket. Why will women wear tight-fitting black cloth jackets? They are desperately unbecoming, and yet I have seen them by the hundred. It is quite impossible to invest them with the least degree of smartness; the black invariably makes a point of not matching in colour the tone of the black skirt which it completes, and altogether the black cloth jacket fails to recommend itself by one single virtue; and yet it obtains to so large an extent! Wherefore it prevails I know not. Supposing that we are poor—a horrible supposition, but one which, alas! the state of the South African market renders possible—and we must abandon the joys of sealskin and velvet, and cloth must be our wear, why should we not have coats of coloured cloth braided in black, invested with a certain degree of novelty and charm by being cut in the sac fashion, with broad bands of cloth brought down the front to terminate with pointed tabs covered with a pattern of braid? Round the neck a collar of astrachan and at the wrists cuffs to match would form pleasing finishing touches, especially if the skirt which accompanied such a jacket were made of the same brown or blue cloth with a broad band of braid



SKATING DRESS OF CHESTNUT CLOTH AND
FUR-TRIMMED VELVET.

round the hem. The exact garment which excites my extreme contempt is that double-breasted jacket, with two rows of pearl buttons, sleeves aggressively large on the top, and pointed revers, these being completed by a fur boa

of more or less disreputable parentage. Oh, those fur boas! how I do hate them, excepting when they are of the best quality sable, labelled Russian. The domestic cat of the light tawny hue is, I veritably believe, murdered by the dozen and dyed a dark brown tone to do duty as the boa. Then, even less attractive animals have their skins wadded with cotton-wool, their paws and their tails spread out, and these, labelled 19s. 11d., are offered to decorate the throat of beauty; not alone offered but accepted. If they were only offered I would forgive them. If you cannot buy fur of the best quality, don't buy fur at all; it is far prettier to decorate your throat with one of the new ruffles made of glacé ribbon edged with tulle, or with thick folds of chiffon with velvet tabs peeping over the top; but what would be better than either of these is to have a fur collar fixed on to your coat, and if you cannot afford sable, then have black astrachan, or, failing that, grey astrachan, which is quite inexpensive, while beaver will not be found of too ruinous a price. Indeed, there are hosts of animals whose skins may be safely relied upon to do their decorative duty instead of these appalling imitations of the great and glorious sable, which is, of course, without a doubt, the queen of furs. Besides remarking on the extreme hideousness of the black cloth jacket, which does adorn so many women, let me observe upon the general ugliness of the hat English. This at the present moment is made of felt, rather dusty of surface, trimmed with a scarf of coloured velvet, with erect bows at one side, while at the other side is a bunch of ostrich-feathers of indifferent quality. It is this indifferent quality which is the bugbear of my existence. If you cannot buy good ostrich-feathers don't buy ostrich-feathers at all; buy quills and be happy. A bunch of quills may be bought for about half-a-crown, and really look extremely nice—ever so much nicer, believe me, than a group of ragged-looking tips, over-curved to conceal their defects. An economical hat can be easily made of felt—coloured felt in preference; deep purple blue or green would I choose—trimmed with a ruche of coloured shot ribbon, the ruche to be formed of loops very closely set together, a broad

should make no public mistakes! Fancy the very under-clothing and "silk stockings embroidered with silver up the ankles" that the bride was to wear at the wedding being on show! The manners and customs of weddings differ in the States considerably from those of our own etiquette, and not only in such points as those just alluded to, which are mere matters of good taste and feeling. For one thing, their weddings are often celebrated at an impromptu altar in their own drawing-rooms, instead of in church, as indeed, the Scotch often arrange their ceremony. For another thing, it is usual for the bride to stand under a canopy or large bell of white flowers, suspended from the ceiling, while she receives congratulations. Again, the groomsman has never gone out of fashion there. He is called an "usher," and in most weddings his duty is simply that of the old-fashioned groomsman—namely, to look after (and if possible flirt with) the bridesmaid to whom he has been individually allotted. At the Marlborough wedding the "ushers" led the procession into the church; the bridesmaids followed, and drew aside at the altar-steps for the bride to pass through between them. This latter is a detail that has been followed in one or two smart weddings in London lately, and it is rather pretty. English state processions are always arranged in this way. Even the Lord Mayor's Show displays all the inferior attractions before it allows us to see the main one—his Lordship's self—an elderly gentleman in a gilt coach, accompanied by a queer-looking Mace-bearer; and in the Queen's processions the same rule is observed. The idea is, of course, that the attention is aroused by the smaller items of the procession, and so prepared for the leading figure; and also that there should be no possibility of interest lasting to any extent after the chief personage is past. The bride and bridegroom, where this is adopted, still leave the church first, for, of course, they must be home before all other persons, to be there ready to receive their friends' congratulations.

At the Marlborough wedding there was a large breakfast, and an innovation that only millionaires are likely to



A TRIO OF HATS.

band of the ribbon being drawn through a paste buckle in the immediate front, while at the side a group of shaded quills might put in an appearance, and at the back, where the brim turns up, may be placed either a large bunch of shaded flowers or a bow of shot ribbon. Oh, believe me, it is easy to be well dressed if you have taste, even if you do possess but little money.

But supposing you possess as much as you deserve, then may you take a lesson in dress as it should be from the stage. You may at the present moment, if you are a wise woman, go to Daly's Theatre and see "An Artist's Model," and observe that red gown worn by Miss Juliette Nesville. It is perfectly charming, and its style is a coming event which casts its shadow before next spring, when I am sure it will adorn us. It is the cloth dress, I mean, that I admire so much. It is made in a deep shade of red, the skirt plain, the coat quite short, barely touching the waist, and hanging loosely in a pleat at the back and a pleat either side of the front, where it turns back with military braid of gold and oxydised silver to show a front of white muslin with double frills on either side of the box pleats; hemmed frills, these are, and quite narrow, while the collar-band is made of a piece of gold galloon, trimmed with three straps of black ribbon. The whole costume is completed by a little toque of red velvet, trimmed with black ostrich-feathers. It is labelled the Maison Jay unmistakably. I am prepared to assert this, even though, unlike the most successful of prophets, I do not know. But, in conclusion, as the preacher might observe, let me draw your attention to those fashions sketched here: to that skating dress of chestnut-brown faced cloth, with a bodice of violet miroir velvet trimmed with fur; to that group of hats whose details explain themselves; and to that chiné silk tea-jacket, with its soft ruffles of lace and diamond buttons, and then let me subscribe myself

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

It is certainly proper that the American public has had the sensation of the Duke of Marlborough's wedding, but they have "made terribly much" of it over there. Fancy anything so grotesque—indeed, repulsive—as the bridal party going to the church the day before and having a "rehearsal" of the ceremony, so as to be sure that they

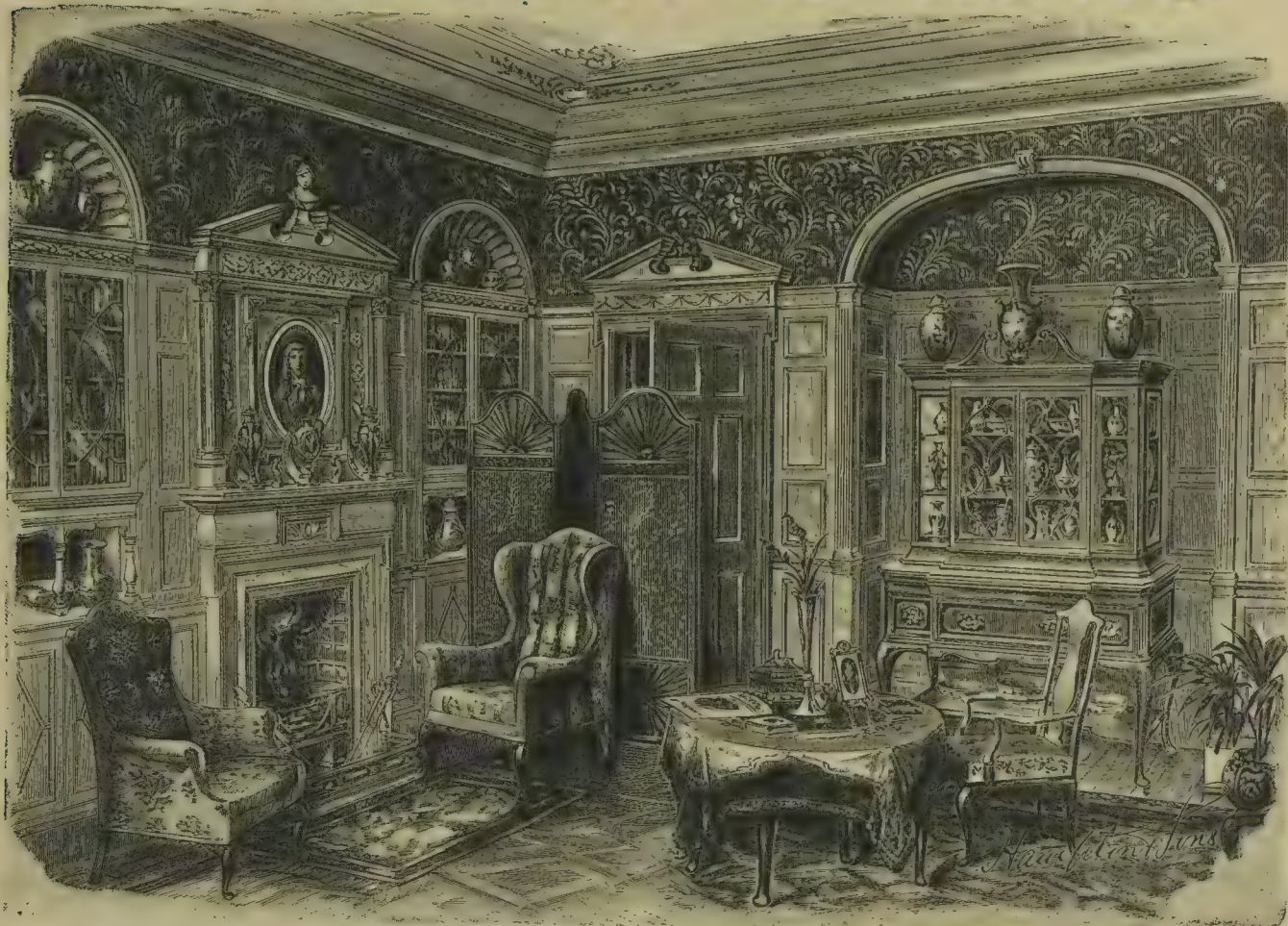
keep up—the bride presented every guest asked to the breakfast with a souvenir—a handsome jewelled châteline for each lady friend, and a tiny watch, small enough to be worn on the lapel of the coat as a "favour" and yet a perfect timekeeper, to each gentleman present. They are much more given to this pretty but expensive custom of providing "favours" for guests in America than we are. At a luncheon or dinner party it is quite usual to have some little gift for each visitor. It generally will be but small—such as a bonbon-holder, a little box covered with brocade or painted by hand, or a breast-knot or buttonhole of beautiful flowers for each visitor, or a decorated menu-holder that is so constructed that when the card is removed it does for a photo frame, and "such-like" small yet pretty ideas. But the splendour of these Vanderbilt wedding gifts cannot be regarded otherwise than as true American ostentation of wealth. It inevitably happens that in a country where there is no hereditary aristocracy, wealth becomes the only basis of social superiority, and therefore is flaunted. Here birth, and the manners and culture that it is supposed to imply, can hold their own against money to some extent. So much the more gracious our estate!

Mrs. Vanderbilt's table linen is made at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's in Belfast, and is on show at present at the fine new shop that this Irish firm of manufacturers have opened at 97, Regent Street. They have a fine place there, Elise's old shop, much enlarged, and a show of many other things besides linen goods. Lace of all the sorts made in Ireland, tea-gowns of Irish poplin, silk night-dresses, and other similar wear, and also petticoats very prettily made and trimmed with lace or embroidered frills, are all in evidence.

A paragraph has been going the round of the English papers giving some extracts from the late census of the United States on the employments followed by women, and commiserating us English women on being so far behind-hand in this respect; but the assertion is founded on error. If the writer had taken the trouble to understand the subject he would have found in the English census the same occupations in almost every instance returned as having women engaged in them. According to the census there are actually all but half as many women working for wages or profits as there are men doing so—over 4,000,000 females and less than 9,000,000 males.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

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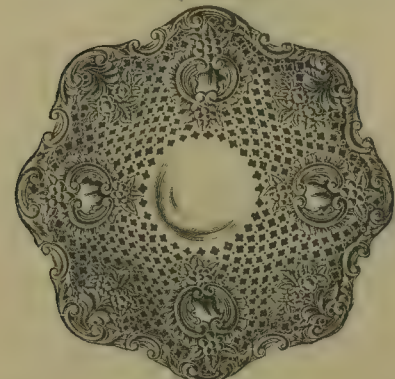
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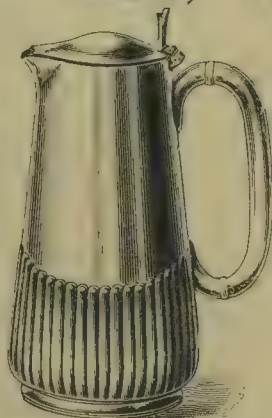
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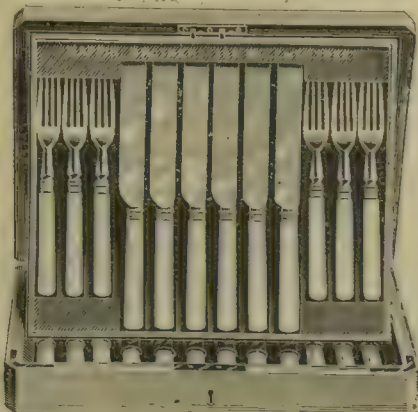


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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 21, 1892), with two codicils (dated Sept. 3 and Dec. 22, 1894), of Mr. Roger Cunliffe, J.P., of Tyrrells Wood, Leatherhead, Surrey, and 69, Cromwell Road, South Kensington, who died on Oct. 6, was proved on Nov. 5 by Walter Cunliffe and Leonard Danchem Cunliffe, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1,184,737. The testator leaves all the books, furniture, effects, and live and dead stock at Tyrrells Wood, and his jewellery, plate, horses and carriages, wherever they may be, to his wife, Mrs. Ann Cunliffe; his residence, Tyrrells Wood, with the pictures there, and some cottages and land to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his son Walter; the remainder of his real estate in the parishes of Leatherhead, Ashted, and Headley, to his son Walter; his leasehold residence in Cromwell Road and the stables, with the furniture, pictures, and effects not bequeathed to his wife, to his son Arthur; £100,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, in addition to what she is entitled to under settlement; £100,000 each to his sons, Arthur and Alan Percy; £80,000 to his son Leonard Danchem; £30,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Esther; £25,000, upon trust, for his daughter Ethel Kate; £2000 to his nephew, John Raymond Barker; £1000 to Charles Lovegrove; an annuity of £200 to his cousin William Crighton; an annuity of £150 to his cousin John Cunliffe; and £25 per annum each to his executors during the continuance of the executorship. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to all his sons in equal shares, and he appoints to them the trust funds under a post-nuptial settlement.

The will (dated March 9, 1888), with a codicil (dated Dec. 26, 1893), of Mr. Nathaniel Barker, of Westbourne Rusholme, Manchester, who died on July 16 at Southport, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on Oct. 17 by George Hahlo, Richard Philip Goldschmidt and Bernard Calman Alexander, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £103,112. The testator leaves his interest in Vivary Bridge Mill and three farms, Mereclough and Great and Middle Hough, upon trust, for

the children of his daughter Sarah; an annuity of £100 to his grandson Horace Thornber; and an annuity of £200 each to his other grandchildren; an annuity of £600 to his daughter Fanny, and a legacy of £300 for the improving and making the library at Westbourne more comfortable; and his residence, Westbourne, with the furniture and effects, to his daughter Fanny and her husband, George Hahlo, for their lives, and to the survivor of them for his or her life. There are also some bequests to executors, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his grandson Herman Barker Hahlo.

The will (dated July 7, 1893) of the Commendatore Henry Burnley Heath, Italian Consul-General, of 4, Astwood Road, Kensington, and 31, Old Jewry, who died on Sept. 1, was proved on Nov. 2 by Major-General Alfred Hales Heath and Admiral William Andrew James Heath, C.B., the brothers, and John Benjamin Charles Heath, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £91,329. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Benevolent Fund of the Foundling Hospital (Guilford Street), the Società di Beneficenza Italiana, and the Italian Hospital, 41, Queen Square; and numerous legacies to relatives, clerks, and others. The residue of his estate, whether real or personal, is to be equally divided between his brothers, the said Major-General A. H. Heath and Admiral W. A. J. Heath.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1894) of Mr. Robert Beveridge Hoggan, of Grove Lodge, Grove Lane, Stamford Hill, managing director of Messrs. Rylands and Sons, Limited, who died on Oct. 7, was proved on Oct. 30 by Edward Charles Dunford, Purnell Burgess, and Frederick King, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £82,827. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Commercial Travellers' School (Pinner), the Warehousemen and Drapers' Schools (London), and the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood); an annuity of £52 to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Hoggan; an annuity of £150 each to his sons Sidney and Ernest; an annuity of £100 to his son Harold; an annuity of £100 to his daughter Mary, with power to her in the event of her marriage to appoint out of her annuity fund

£1250 in favour of her children; and a few other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his son Walter.

The Irish probate, sealed at Tuam, of the will (dated Feb. 26, 1892), with a codicil (dated Feb. 2, 1895), of the Right Hon. George Stephens, Viscount Gough, of St. Helens Booterstown, county Dublin, and Lough Cutra, Castlegort, county Galway, who died on May 31, granted to Colonel the Hon. George Hugh Gough, the son, one of the executors, was revealed in London on Oct. 30, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £70,846. The testator leaves his house, demesne, and lands of St. Helens, with the furniture and effects, to his son George Hugh; his reversionary interest in the Collis estate, in the counties of Cork and Kerry, to his said son, for life, and then his son (testator's grandson) George Patrick; the Cahir estate to his eldest son, Hugh (who has succeeded to the title), his heirs and assigns, on condition that he is to convey the Collis estate to his brother, George Hugh, should he succeed to any interest therein; and the gold and silver plate, swords, boxes with freedoms of cities, gems, jewels, books, manuscripts, and other articles presented to his father, Field-Marshal Viscount Gough, to go as heirlooms with the settled Galway estate. He appoints out of certain settled trust funds £16,000 each to his son George Hugh and his daughter the Hon. Eleanor Persse. The remainder of his estates in the counties of Tipperary, Galway, Kildare, Longford, and Queen's County, he settles on his eldest son, and he gives him all the residue of his real and personal estate.

The will (dated May 22, 1894) of Mr. William Henry Hewitt, of Purlieu House, Hythe, near Southampton, and 25, Westbourne Terrace, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Nov. 4 by Mrs. Caroline Evelyn Hewitt, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £32,648. The testator bequeaths £5000 each to his daughter Alice Emily Grueber and his step-daughter, Georgina Evelyn Potticary; £4000 each to his sons Edgar Percy Hewitt, Howard Lacy Hewitt, and his daughter Annie Louisa Hardy; £3000 to his son William Reginald Hardy; £500 to his granddaughter Alice Gwendolin Grueber; £100 each to Sarah Hancock and his

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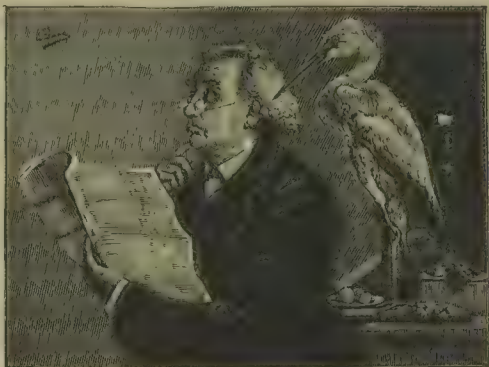
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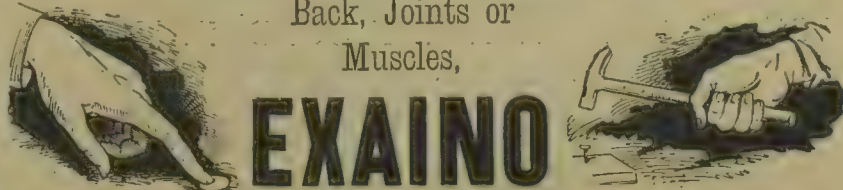
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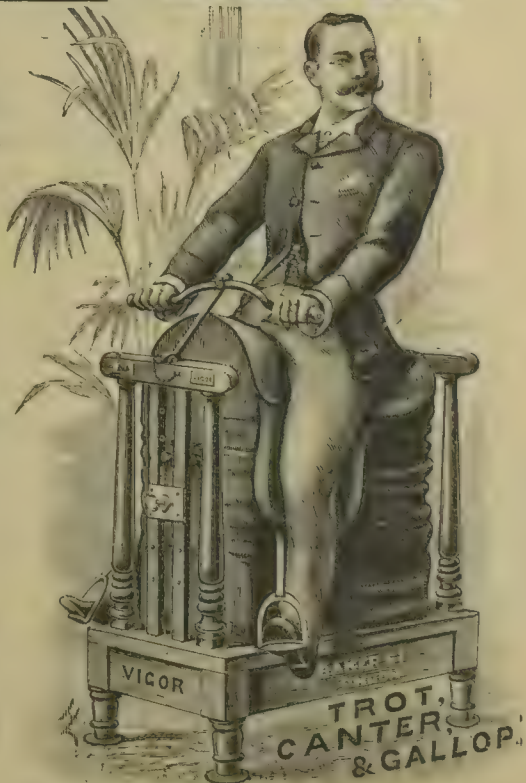
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coachman, William Brothers; and there are some specific bequests to his sons, daughters, daughter-in-law, and step-daughter. The residue of his property he gives to his wife subject to her paying an annuity of £80 (or at her discretion the capital sum of £800) to his brother, Arthur Hewitt.

Probate has been granted of the will of Mr. Reginald Thornton, of the Dorsetshire banking firm of R. and R. Williams and Co., who died on Aug. 29. Estate duty has been paid on £67,252 6s. 5d., the net value of the personal property passing on his death. He bequeaths pecuniary legacies amounting to about £7000 and some small specific legacies and annuities; subject thereto, he leaves the whole of his personal property to his eldest son, Mr. Reginald Douglas Thornton, who succeeds him in his position in the banking firm, and also takes the testator's landed estates, including his residence, Birkin House, Stinsford.

The will (dated Dec. 18, 1894) of Mr. William McVean, of The Riddings, 73, Tulse Hill, Brixton, who died on Sept. 29, was proved on Oct. 24 by Peter Bell and William Dickson, the nephews and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £29,213. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the Brixton Orphanage (Barrington Road, Brixton), and the Evelina Hospital for Sick Children (Southwark Bridge Road); and legacies to brother, nephews, nieces, and others. As to the residue

of his real and personal estate he gives one moiety to his nephew, Peter Bell, and the other moiety to his nephew, William Dickson.

The will (dated March 19, 1887), with a codicil (dated July 7 following), of the Hon. Mrs. Louisa Plunket, of Aascagh, County Mayo, who died on Aug. 27 at Downpatrick, was proved in London on Oct. 23 by the Right Hon. David Robert Plunket and Major John Aldridge, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £22,044. There are several considerable legacies to relatives and others, including one of £500 and certain lands in the county of Dublin to her nephew, the said Right Hon. David Robert Plunket. The residue of her estate, real and personal, the testatrix leaves in equal shares to her nieces Elizabeth Dickson, Georgina Aldridge, Sarah Eyo Aldridge, Henrietta Aldridge, Louisa Aldridge, and Olivia Aldridge, and to Frances Mary, the wife of her said nephew, Major John Aldridge.

The will (dated May 11, 1885) of Surgeon-General Sir Thomas Longmore, C.B., F.R.C.S., officer of the Legion of Honour, of The Paddock, Woolston, in the county of Southampton, who died on Sept. 30, at Swanage, was proved on Nov. 5 by Dame Mary Rosalie Helen Longmore, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £19,823. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever, to his wife.

The will and codicil of Mrs. Jane Isabella Lynch, of Shorestone Hall, Chathill, Northumberland, who died on Oct. 4, were proved on Oct. 29 by Philip Witham and Henry Powlett Shafto Orde, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9382.

The will of Mr. Godfrey William Fitzhugh, of Plas Power, Denbighshire, who died on Feb. 28, was proved on Nov. 2 by Mrs. Katherine Emily Fitzhugh, the widow, and Godfrey Fitzhugh, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6436.

The will of the Rev. Edmund Henry Morgan, late Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Cambridge, who died on Aug. 6, was proved at the Peterborough District Registry on Oct. 11 by Mrs. Maria Henrietta Morgan, the widow, Franklin William Lushington, Metropolitan Police Magistrate, and John Watt, Fellow of Jesus College, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4962.

The will and codicil of Mr. John Richardson Fryer, J.P., and D.L., for the counties of Cambridge, Huntingdon, and Norfolk, of Chatteris, in the Isle of Ely, who died on April 21, were proved at the Peterborough District Registry on Oct. 28 by Major Edward Fryer, the Rev. Arthur Girdlestone Fryer, and Charles Fryer, the sons, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3428.



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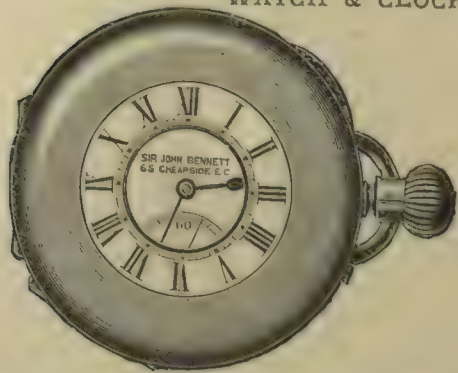
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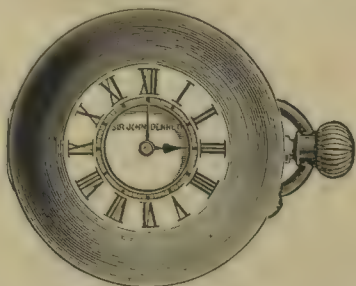


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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Professor Armitage Robinson, preaching before the University of Cambridge, took a hopeful view of the position of religion among the undergraduates. He admitted "the slowness with which the great revival of the beauty of external worship makes its way into College Chapels." He thinks, however, there is a quiet progress and a growth of the devotional spirit. He refers with satisfaction to the continued recognition of daily worship as the duty of the College, and thinks that the great missionary movement of late years is an encouraging sign. The most difficult and perilous adventures of the mission field have been again and again undertaken by Cambridge students, while the regular supply of those who go to fill the ranks of the ordinary ministry is steadily maintained.

Professor Dowden has been lecturing at Cambridge on Milton and Bunyan, and seems to have said some fresh things. Speaking of Milton, Professor Dowden pointed out that he had himself been mistaken in attributing to Milton perpetual self-control and conscious self-training. He had missed the sudden change and rapid alterations of opinion revealed more clearly in Milton's prose. "Milton," he said, "was always weighted with a conscious message; the central idea of his teaching is liberty, the emancipation from an inferior law in order to recognise one higher and stricter."

Of Bunyan, he said that "The Pilgrim's Progress" gained its vitality not from its Puritanism, but from its

Christianity and its humanity. Bunyan was no narrow sectary, heated by struggle to fanaticism and unreason. The wayward enthusiasts of the time condemned him as legal and dark.

The S.P.C.K. are to publish a small volume of Christmas sermons by the late Dean Church.

Lady Maud Barrett was formally received back into the Church of England by the Bishop of St. Albans on Oct. 31.

The Rev. Osborne Jay, of Holy Trinity, Shoreditch, protests against optimistic views about the position of the Church in East London. He says that the hold of the Church on the masses is 3·7 per cent. Mr. Jay urges that for all practical purposes matins and evensong are in a dead language. "We do not disparage them; we say them ourselves in church; but beyond and besides them, we are perfectly certain that we might provide other and more simple means if we would even reach God's lowest."

The Bishop of Chester is of opinion that both labour and capital should organise themselves, so that both alike might be in a position to appeal to a third mediating opinion. He protested against the idea that the entire interests of the Church were bent upon the labouring classes. It was the duty of the Church to be very just, and to look at all classes.

The veteran Bishop of Liverpool takes a gloomy view of Church prospects. He thinks that the unhappy divisions in the Church seem to increase, harden, and crystallise. So

long as the Mass, the Confessional, and Mariolatry were tolerated, permitted, and let alone in every direction, so long a large number of the clergy and a still larger proportion of the laity were vexed, uneasy, and dissatisfied. It was a state of things which could not last for ever. The ecclesiastical horizon was dark and gloomy in every quarter.

We have been favoured with an early copy of the Sunlight Almanac for 1896. The almanac not only contains all the information to be found in the very best almanacs of the day, but an amount of useful knowledge not contained in any other similar publication. It gives the Royal Family, Peerage, the newly elected House of Commons, Government officials, and colonial intelligence that should be in the hands of every person who wants to know of his country's importance at home and abroad. It is equally rich in biography, which is a matter of every-day requirement to the general reader. Sports include records of racing, yachting, cricketing, bicycling, and football. Its articles on home management, cookery, and home garden are especially excellent; there are matters in connection with the choice of a house that all who wish to maintain health might peruse with profit. The modes of cookery, bills of fare, articles in season, and recipes must be useful, and should prove most valuable. There are also games and amusements for all seasons of the year. The book is bound in red leatherette.

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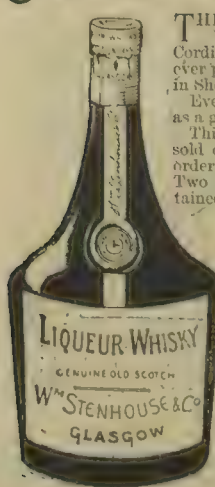
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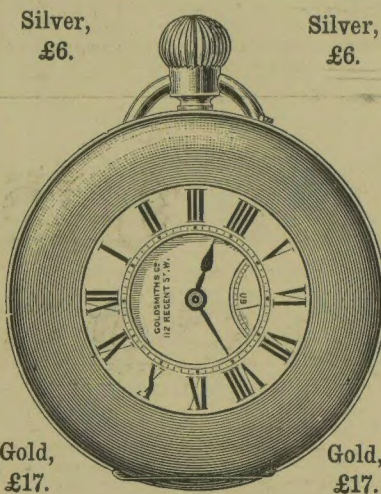
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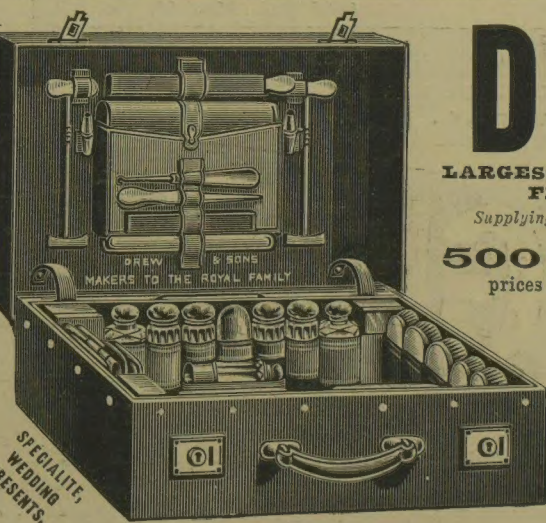
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The cycling exhibits at the forthcoming Stanley Show promise to be of considerable interest and importance.

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A great disaster took place at Detroit, Lake Erie, in the United States, on Nov. 6, by the explosion of a steam-boiler in the printing offices of the *Detroit Journal*. Twenty-seven persons were killed, and more than that number were badly injured.

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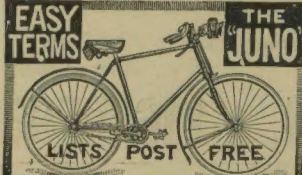
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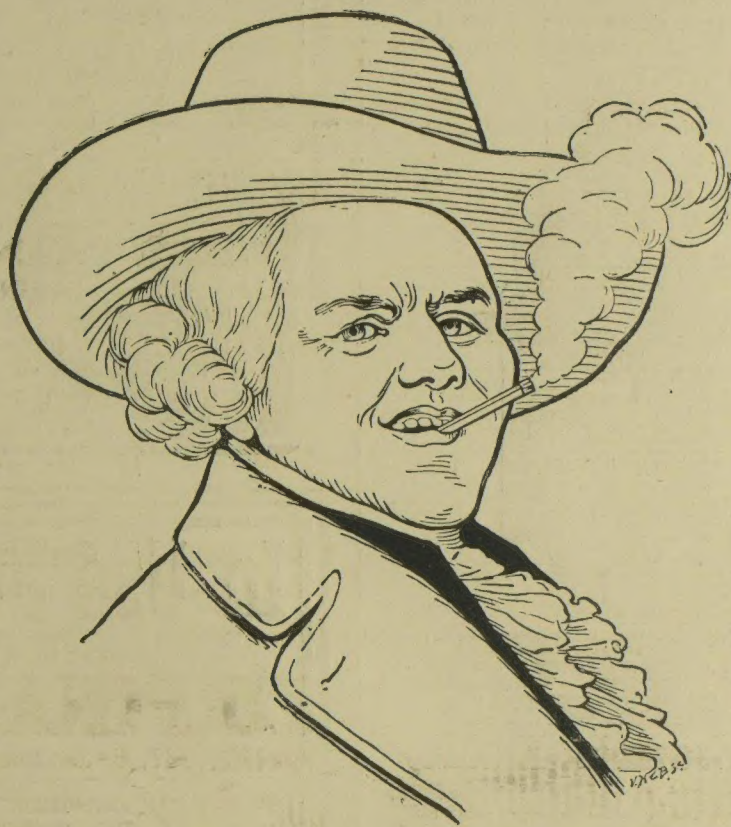
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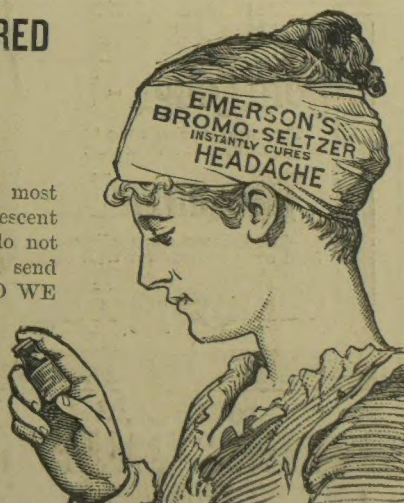
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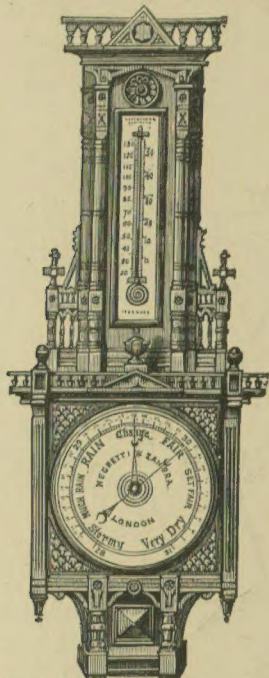
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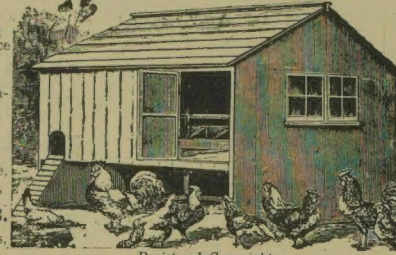
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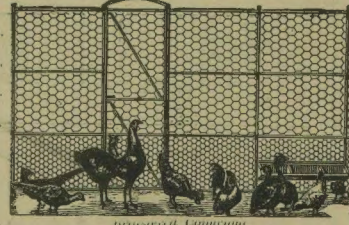
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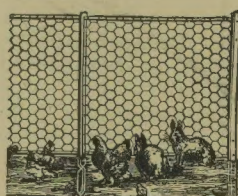
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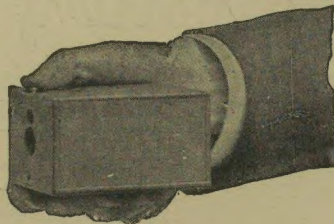
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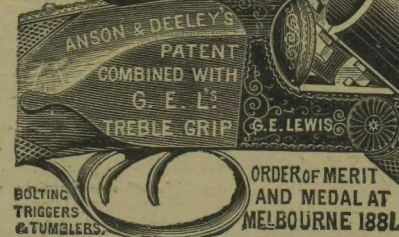
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